THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

A FAMILY WEEKLY PERIODICAL----Devoted to Literature, Science, Mechanics, Foreign and Domestic News Agriculture, Education, Finance, Amusements, &c.----INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

PUBLISHED BY WM. M. SWAIN & CO., LEDGER BUILDINGS, S. W. CORNER OF THIRD AND CHESNUT STREETS----$1 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XXI. PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1863. NO. 49.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

ALL ALONE.

BY T. G. CHAMBERS.

I am sitting all alone,
Mournful winds around are sighing,
And the dark winds sadly moan
On the ocean-tossed and dying.

All alone! oh, cruel fate!
None to love and none to cherish!
None to ease the heavy weight,
None to soothe me as I perish!

In the summer past and gone,
I was happy and light-hearted;
Ere the golden fall came on
We, by cruel fate, were parted.

In some valley far away,
He, my earthly all, is lying;
I am sitting by the sea
Thinking of the past, and sighing.

War! oh! hard and cruel war,
When will thy fierce reign be ended,
And from North to Southern shore,
Union, Peace and Love be blended?

Though I have no more to lose—
Though he sleepeth without waking,
I will pray, for well I know
Other hearts than mine are breaking.

Still the restless waters roar,
In the West the sun's declining;
My soul whispers, "peace, no more;
What care men for thy repining?"

Ryerson Station, Pa., Nov., 1863.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

AUTUMN MUSINGS.

BY MRS. M. F. AMES.

Leaves are falling, falling, falling,
To the ground where'er I go,
Every step they seem complaining
Of the winds that laid them low.

Rustling, rustling, oh! how sadly!
Like dead hopes in memory's hall;
Leaves of spring and leaves of summer,
Weaving their own funeral pall.

Far away, in sunny Southland,
Are they dropping thus to-day,
O'er the graves, where lightly buried,
Sleep our dead from battle's fray!

Fitting type of their own falling,
When the leaden storm swept past,
Thus they sank, with dying murmurs,
To their rest, so drear—their last!

Strew them gently, leaves of autumn,
Leave no space 'twixt friend and foe;
Cover up the broken surface
Close and warm, ere comes the snow.

And when next the leaves are falling,
May it be on peaceful ground;
Stilled forever, this wild tumult,
Healed for aye, this needless wound.

New Buffalo, Nov., 1863.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

UNFINISHED SIN.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILA.]

BY A. L. OTIS.

"For he that but conceives a crime in thought,
Contracts the danger of an actual fault;
Then what must he expect that still proceeds
To finish sin, and work up thoughts to deeds?"

We have all thrilled with Crusoe when, after his long loneliness, he saw the footprint in the sand, and we have rejoiced with him in his companionship with even such a friend as Friday. But what if, instead of a mere chattering savage, he had, by some strange possibility, met there a lovely country woman, speaking to him in his own tongue, and with eyes beaming in-

[illegible]

Our hero, Alvan Earle, had, in these modern days, some such experience. He came fresh from a desert home and years of solitude to a ball-room, and saw there, dancing before him, her loveliness enhanced by the witchery of dress, the first beautiful woman he ever saw. Truly spells, enchantments, bound him and intoxicated him, until he felt all the joy of the Musselman's heaven. That ball room, with its maze of beauty, and brilliancy, and music, and social magnetism, filled the utmost measure of his sense of pleasure—at first.

But soon man's insatiable soul demanded one thing more. It was that his homage should meet with one glance of acceptance. This, of course, no modern belle would permit a stranger to receive. We leave him, watching, yearning—and proceed to explain how such a state of things was possible in our days.

His father was one of those men who have such a proclivity to barbarism, such a "strange alacrity in sinking," that they cannot endure civilized neighbors, but incline to herd with Indians or border hunters. Indolence alone prevented his taking up his abode in Oregon, but from the high social positions to which he was entitled by family and property in Philadelphia, he sank down into the nearest solitude he could find—the pine barrens of New Jersey.

His wife had resisted this desire for primitive life in her husband, like a woman of sense and spirit, urged on by a mother's love; but as soon as she was put out of the way by death, he took his little boy of six years on a duck-shooting excursion, and never returned to the city.

He had in New Jersey a little, miserable house, which he called his hunting lodge, and he made this his home. It was in the midst of the wide stretch of shifting sands, which nourish with niggardly parsimony endless phalanxes of dark, ridgy pitch pines, all alike black, stunted, crowded, savage in their starved solitude—fit home of countless crows, whose discordant, ominous cries resound all day long over the desolation.

Here the boy grew up in utter isolation, seldom seeing any one but a sullen old slave and his stolid, inactive father, who, as his sole stimulus was hunting or fishing; whose taste for the Fine Arts only led him to admire the exact tone of color proper for toasted pork, and whose science ended with knowing the necessary combinations to produce a cup of coffee. Having no other habitual companionship but this, Alvan would, of course, have been without mind, which grows not like a vegetable, * * but like spirit, "Thought kindling itself at the fire of living Thought," had it not been for the wisdom of one of his maiden aunts. She sent the boy novels, good novels, that he might see in books the world from which he was excluded. He devoured every book he received, and there, entering society suited to his taste, he grew to harmony with it, and became in thought and feeling a gentleman, and as unlike his besotted father as a stalk of Indian corn is to the clod it springs from. He decided to pursue close study, and set himself to work, sending for grammars and dictionaries to his Aunt Clara, who never forgot to give him the stimulating encouragement of praise.

Yet he was saved being a book-worm by his love for horses. His father's spirited old nag had been his most congenial companion in his boyhood, and after the death of the old horse he bought two chesnut colts, which he trained and loved like an Arab. They would have had a proud and glad master, let who would possess them. When one, bearing Alvan riding without saddle, bridle or stirrup, flew over the sands, and the other—free—unurged—measured speed with him, their manes and tails flying, eyes glowing, limbs exulting in their long stretch and light sureness, muscles quivering with the delight of using their power, they seemed as wild as if scouring southern pampas, unseen by man, and ridden by some handsome demon. But let the rider speak one low, firm word, and the noble slaves tempered their exulting joy, quelled their savage instincts, and were motionless at his command.

He taught his dumb friends every accomplishment a horse should know, and learned himself man's power, and daring joys, and lordship over the world.

Meanwhile, his father was slowly sinking into imbecility, and in his son's twenty-first year he was fatally struck with paralysis.

Alvan's first impulse upon becoming his own master was to remedy the great evil of his life—isolation from his kind. He knew that he had innumerable relatives in Philadelphia, but his father had inspired him with some jealousy of their influence over him. He wished to see the world through his own eyes, and not prejudge it by the opinions of others. He therefore merely sent to a fashionable tailor for such clothes as a gentleman should wear, to the administrator of his father's estate full power to act for him, and to his mother's sisters a kind letter explaining his intentions. These were, to plunge at once into the world of fashion then at Cape May, and gain there, by sudden and sharp experience, such knowledge of life as should obliterate the most glaring evidences of his savage and solitary boyhood, and fit him speedily for city society.

Upon receiving from the administrator a statement of his property, he found that he was the possessor of an ample fortune, which had accumulated by the force there is in money. Thus, free from care, he harnessed his horses and drove southward to Cape May with a heart quiet and sad through recent bereavement, and less hopeful of pleasure than determined on growth.

It was an unusually warm season, and the hotels were crowded to excess. After a long, lonely drive, Earle arrived at Congress Hall just at dinner time. The throngs of people, the noise, activity and incessant change, made the youth feel as a drop of water might upon being transported from a still mountain pool to the lashing breakers on a rocky coast. Among the many, he was as lost as a grain of sand from a minute glass would find itself upon a shingly beach, and he suffered the wearily wretched oppression of loneliness in a crowd.

After dinner he applied for a room. The only apartment at his disposal was a small dressing-room, separated from a large double chamber by a wooden partition with a door in it.

Alvan took possession, and passed the afternoon in a long walk upon the beach, in order to shun the world he had come to seek. He returned to the solitude of his own room, and threw himself upon the bed to rest both his tired limbs and his wearied, confused mind. He had just subdued the irritation of his feelings caused by this day of bustle and noise, when the music of the dance began below, for there was a "hop" at Congress Hall that night.

The spirit-stirring sounds of the first band he had ever heard stimulated him to the most glowing imaginings of the future, but this pleasure was soon exceeded by that of lending his bodily ears to what was going on in the next room. The occupants had just entered it, and he distinguished three voices, an elderly lady's, a little child's, and a young girl's. The latter appeared to be dressing for the dance in the greatest exuberance of spirits, which escaped in ebullitions of song, and laughing merriment, in little interludes of romping with the child, and good-natured promises of better-doing to the old lady, who seemed to consider dressing the main business of a young girl's life, and an awful responsibility on the mothers of pretty daughters.

All this Earle heard with much gratification to his curiosity, and with infinite amusement; but when the old lady began to complain of the girl's father for not allowing her more pin-money, he became aware of the impropriety of listening, and betook himself to the ball-room, determined to watch for the entrance of this party, and already feeling better acquainted with them than with all the world beside.

It was late, and dancing filled the floor with pulsing motion. His bewildered eyes distinguished no individuals. He saw only a maze of gauze and beauty, and light and music; but as he looked from his quiet corner, he began to understand, for the first time, the magnetic enthusiasm which concert of action gives to man's social soul. While still gazing in silent pleasure upon the scene, he was startled by being addressed by an elderly gentleman, who introduced himself as Mr. Pursell.

"I saw your name on the books, Mr Earle," he continued, "and I have hunted you up to welcome you here, as I would kin of my own. Your aunts, in Philadelphia, have been sisters to my wife—long-tried friends. My children call them 'Aunt' Let me introduce you to my wife. Louisa, this is young Mr. Earle—of New Jersey, you know—Alvan Earle."

She turned warmly to give him her hand, and welcomed him with a genuine good-will, which astonished and gratified him.

"Your mother and I called each other sisters," she said, "and my children call your aunts their aunts. Come, you shall be one of us at once. Remember, I am 'Aunt Louisa.'"

"Thank you," was Earle's heartfelt response.

"Come here, chatterbox Bess," continued the lady. "This, dear Bess, is your cousin Alvan, whom Aunty Clara talks about. She is his aunt. Go now, and tell Mary to come to me as soon as this set is over."

Bess, who had greeted him only by a long, shy stare, now darted off among the dancers. She paused before a young lady, and gave her message, coming sidling back like a minnow among the shadows at play in a brook.

All the dancers had been to Earle but unreal and beautiful beings in a dream or vision; he distinguished no *one*. But now all the individuality of the young girl thus singled out was visible to him. She was the first beautiful woman his eyes had ever dwelt upon, and it was during this dance that he stood as we have described him in the beginning of the story, so touched and moved by new emotions that it was like visiting a new world and being endowed with new powers.

Man looks abroad over the flowery earth, and up into the starry heavens, and finds his intellect, affections and desires so fully and exquisitely satisfied by them, that he exclaims, "all this was made for me!" So Earle, by virtue of his intense appreciation of this Eve, imagined her made for him, and from that hour, in the secret unconscious depths of his heart, he called her his own. And when his glance, full of admiration and joy in her, fell upon her, he wondered, and was troubled that no responsive glow of feeling beamed from her face.

She was the much-admired—the belle—of every society in which she was present, if only for a single evening. She was no recluse. Her wealthy father, and her fashionable mother, took care that her lovely face should be seen, and should do its duty towards maintaining her family in the gay world, which is so apt to let fall all those who have not external charms and attractions. She liked society and all the pleasures it has to offer to such as she—young, bright, witty, beautiful. Her greatest charm was not her face, though; nor even her grace. It was her bewitching manner. She seemed always true to her present companion—she listened to his serious remarks with tender intensity of thought, and to his trifling speeches she accorded a confiding and exclusive attention that was exquisitely flattering, as if she drank in his words with her whole spirit, and intensely enjoyed all they conveyed to her, whether mirth or thought. This child-like abandonment of herself to the will and influence of another was the secret of her fascination, controlled as it was, insensibly, by the purest, truest modesty.

At the close of the dance, she came to her mother, still smiling with the glow of her keen enjoyment, and was presented to Earle as his cousin Mary.

"I will have no formal names among us," said Mrs. Pursell. "You must like us, and begin at once as one of us. Will you?"

"With all my heart."

"Do you dance?"

"No; I do not know how. It seems all a charming mystery to me."

"Then, Cousin Alvan," said Mary, to show her readiness to befriend him, "I will teach you the secret. You shall—if mamma pleases—come next winter and learn at our house." She had long known his history, and had deeply pitied him. She spoke now with a gentle warmth of welcome that made amends to his yearning heart for her former apparent insensibility.

He said little to any one that evening—looking absorbed him—and the object of his fascinated gaze, by every smile, or motion in the dance, bewitched him the more. Even the three water-lilies in her hair, which glistened in open-hearted sweetness, were magic flowers to him, shining by their own light or some pure emanation of her spirit. Later in the evening, they had drawn together their clear cut petals, and hung half open, and it gave him absolute pleasure to observe how, then, they were even better types of her gentle grace, which began to betray at times the soft languor of expended joy. Still later, the lilies were tightly closed, and lost in her curls, or showing only as green unopened buds, like a heart shut with grief. Then Earle longed to tear them out and throw the things of ill-omen far away.

His dreams of her were broken in upon the next morning at earliest dawn by "chatterbox Bess," who shared her sister's bed, and who, knowing little of the fatigues of ball-rooms, had her eyes open betimes. With childhood's pertinacity of frolic, she teased her sleepy sister, whom Earle pitied from the bottom of his heart, until the drowsily incorrect replies her incessant questions elicited were clear. Then began the merry day for the two young girls, and Earle heard all their playful talking with thirsty ears.

That day Mr. Pursell asked Earle to accompany their party into the surf, and gave him Mary to take care of. A man's strong arm, in Cape May surf, is a much needed support. And the intoxication of giving that support—of feeling the shrinking, trembling form depend upon his strength with a sure reliance—of answering the sudden clasp of her clinging hands as a breaker came upon them, by assistance firm and exulting!

The afternoons brought their pleasure too. Earle's fine horses were always awaiting his new-found friends in a barouche worthy of their style; and happy hours sped away as they drove through the sands, or along the beach, Mary ever at Earle's side.

Although the style of his equipage, and the perfect taste of his dress, occasioned much remark among the gentlemen, and his handsome face or gentlemanly quiet among the ladies, although, too, it was soon known to what family he belonged, and that he was heir to a large, neglected estate, he was still a stranger in a strange place—no attentions from others commanded his friendship in return. Perhaps because all his thoughts were now absorbed by one person, he seemed to be apart from the people who surrounded him, and never to enter into their world. His solitary life had unfitted him for conventional society in various ways, and in none more than this—he could not readily distinguish individuals by their names or faces, even after repeated introductions.

An old world-frequenter, whose whole life has been passed in crowds, has generally acquired unerring certainty in distinguishing individuals, and never forgets a face. They say that great generals, who have armies of faces to crowd their memories, grow so well accustomed to draw distinctions, that they seldom mistake one man for another. But to the recluse's uncritical eye, countenances are confused and undistinguishable; names, too, are like an unknown tongue. Earle knew nothing of the old Philadelphia families, and society to him was not divided into classes and cliques that were suggestive of appellations. It seemed to him an endless, despairing task, ever to know by person and cognomen even half the people he met. He could distinguish *qualities*, however, easily, and he saw bravely displayed many which shocked him, and almost sickened him. But he found no fault in Mary. He clung to his belief in her pure goodness as to his own salvation, for should his faith in woman swerve he could have no bright visions of the destiny of his race, no enthusiastic hope of man's progress to perfection; and such dreams make the happiness of noble natures.

One evening, when the tide was out, Earle stood upon the bank and gazed upon the thousands walking on the beach, until the Pursells passed him and called to him. He soon made part of the human stream, with Mary leaning upon his arm.

His heart was full of the beauty and delight of all about him. The quiet sky, the restless sea, hoarse with reiterating to every hearer its uncomprehended mysteries, and the sweet evening land-breeze, all touched the springs of quiet enthusiasm, and he could not be silent to one so intimately dear to him as she was. So, half dreamily, he poured out the fullness of his thought, and spoke of his soul's slumbers in his former solitude, of its awaking to a life rich and dear as Heaven could be when he first came to feel his brotherhood to his race, and when he first felt his heart burn within him as he looked upon her. He little knew what impassioned words he had begun to use, when she suddenly withdrew her hand from his arm, and giving him a look of amazement, almost of horror, ran hastily forward between her father and mother.

Earle stood bewildered, and vaguely but greatly alarmed; startled from a sweet dream by the shock of some unknown calamity. Stepping apart from the tide of human beings, he turned towards home, and sat in his room pondering all he could have said, and shivering in this bleak change in his summer weather. She came up stairs soon afterwards. He did not sleep that night, and all through it the stifled sobs in the next room were like the death torture of dropping water to him.

The next morning Mr. Pursell asked for an hour's quiet talk with Earle, and, taking the young man's horses, they rode far along that desolate coast, called Poverty Beach. When they were beyond any likelihood of interruption, Mr. Pursell laid his hand upon Earle's shoulder, and said:

"My young friend, you are peculiarly situated with regard to our family. While, from having long known and esteemed your aunts and mother, you are quite near to us, we must seem like strangers to you. I dare say your father never mentioned us."

"Not that I remember, Sir."

"I thought not. I hope, however, that you take a friendly interest in us, and feel some affection for us?"

"I do, most sincerely. I cannot talk about it, but I wish circumstances would put my friendship to the proof."

"Circumstances are just about to do it, my dear fellow, and very ugly circumstances too. Mr. Odelle is coming home, and even coming *here*, Sir!"

He looked to see the effect of his words, but truly they had very little effect upon Alvan, who knew nothing of Mr. Odelle. He dimly remembered having been asked if Mrs. Odelle were not remarkably beautiful, and replying that he had not the pleasure of her acquaintance, which had caused his interlocutors to stare at him, as if he were ignorant indeed then, or perpetrating a stupid joke.

Mr. Pursell was evidently surprised at Earle's unconcern, and said:

"I see, I see. We are nothing but strangers to you, after all. I need only say, then, that Mr. Odelle is coming, and Mary must be told of it to-day. But that is nothing to you, of course."

Alvan grew pale and asked, hurriedly:

"And what is his coming to her?"

"What it ought to be, I hope, Sir!" answered Mr. Pursell, severely; but then, seeing the wretched suspense in Earle's face, he opened his eyes in astonishment, and ejaculated: "What is his coming to her? Mr. Odelle's coming to Mrs. Odelle? Why, what do you suppose he is to her, Earle? A brother-in-law? No—she is no widow—he is her husband."

Alvan thrilled with the shock, passed a vague hand over his features, and fell heavily from his saddle. * * * * *

It was two weeks before Earle again saw Mrs. Odelle, and then he was summoned by Mr. Pursell, from Philadelphia, whither he had fled upon learning the truth that was fatal to his happiness. Mr. Pursell had exacted a promise from him, which the following history will explain.

Three years before this time, when Mary was but sixteen years old, her father's affairs had become involved, and he had staked his credit to an unjustifiable, indeed to an unlawful extent. An exposure and ruin were imminent, when his largest creditor asked for Mary's hand for his son, offering, if his suit were successful, to lend assistance to an enormous amount.

Mary had met the youth at dancing-school, and rather liked to dance with him. When, therefore, her father, with the dew of suspense and dread upon his forehead, and their whitening wrinkles about his mouth, asked her if she would not save him, she gave a joyful assent, and was married to Orville Odelle. They parted at the church door, for young Odelle was obliged to leave immediately for France to attend to some critical interests there, and Mrs. Pursell had only consented to her daughter's marriage upon the condition that she should live at home until she was eighteen years of age.

In France, Odelle plunged into dissipation, and now was coming home to claim his bride, with confirmed habits of intemperance! Mr. Pursell had heard reports of this, and, with selfish unconcern for Earle's feelings, he made him promise to acquire, if possible, some influence over Odelle, and to watch over him in all those temptations so inseparable from watering-places, or any other gathering places of mankind. He knew how to enlist that generous heart in the distasteful task. He bade him see that it was for Mary's sake that he must save her husband from disgrace, and then he rested sure that Mary's well-being would be his dearest care.

Mr. Pursell, knowing Odelle's fondness for horses, thought that Earle's world bring them together naturally, and that with a steady, true friend, such as Earle would be, Mary's husband might yet retain respectability.

Reluctant to meet the suffering, and doubtful of doing any good, Erle would have refused the task set him, had not he wished to make some amends for the anger which he had expressed in bitter, reproachful words to Mr. Pursell when, upon recovering from his swoon, the thought came to him that he had been wilfully deceived about Mary. This had certainly not been the case, for, though Mr. Pursell had more than once remarked to his wife that, if Odelle should not return, Earle would make Mary both a better and a richer husband, yet he never intrigued to enlist his feelings. He supposed that, of course, Alvan knew of Mary's marriage. It was inconceivable to him that he should not. But Earle had only been two weeks in the whirl of life, and was yet dizzy from its novel effect. His ear was not ready to catch names. He knew that the chambermaid called her Miss. He never spoke of her to others, and in the familiar intercourse which sprang up so suddenly between him and the family, he always heard her called, and called her, himself, only "Mary." On the books at the hotel they were entered as Mr. Pursell and party. That she was so childlike, and by her parents treated so like a child, helped to deceive him. Her marriage, moreover, was never alluded to in the family, it having always been a subject of bitterness between Mr. and Mrs. Pursell.

In the conversation which followed Earle's reproaches, Mr. Pursell had made it evident to him that he was self-deceived, and in the generous desire to relieve one whom he had wounded by injurious suspicions, he promised what Mr. Pursell wished. But for a time he must try to regain composure, holding himself ready to answer a summons; and when one came from Mary's father, saying that Odelle was getting into undesirable company, he resolutely quelled his own dread and returned to Cape May.

After greeting Mr. and Mrs. Pursell, who received him with eager warmth, he turned with effort to speak to Mary, who sat apart. She could not rise for trembling, nor could her lips form one word of welcome. Her hand met his with a cold shiver, and her eyes spoke in but one appealing glance that seemed to say, "Do not see my misery." But it was stamped so visibly upon every feature that he could not help seeing it, nor feeling in his heart a bitter anger at the man who caused it.

He met Mr. Odelle in the stables, standing beside his horses, and displaying at once the accuracy of his grammar and the brilliancy of his wit by swearing, "By Buncombe, I will have them, for every man, woman and horse have their price."

The joyful whinny of his pets when they heard Earle's footstep, was introduction enough, and Mr. Odelle at once began to make offers for them, urging Earle to sell him the handsomest pair of horses on the island with much pertinacity. The more Earle refused to part with his friends, the more Odelle persisted in wanting them, and finding persuasion of any kind unavailing, he resorted to sly ways of entrapping him into gambling or betting them away. He tried to get him sufficiently intoxicated to give some opportunity for cheating him out of his much-coveted beasts, but Earle's principles protected him as well as the most world-knowing shrewdness would have done. Moreover, he felt the advantage he gained over Odelle by retaining his horses, for, with pig-headed pertinacity, the covetous man hung about him day by day. Earle tried to acquire the influence of a friend over him during this pursuit, but the thing was an impossibility, for there was not sympathy enough between them to form the slightest link of liking. Nevertheless Earle had some power over him, for Odelle restrained himself a little when in a presence which shamed him from his vices. Though, for a time, he submitted to the restraint willingly, finally habit conquered, and one night he stole away to his old haunts, taking care that Alvan should not know where to find him. That night he was brought home on a shutter, and Earle, hearing the noise of his arrival, opened his door to ask, in undefined fear:

"Is he dead?"

"Dead drunk," was the reply, as they knocked at his wife's door.

She was up waiting for him, and she opened it promptly. The men bore her husband in and laid him upon the bed, each skulking out past the young wife with keen shame. Only the last spoke:

"I would have put him somewhere else, Ma'am, but he made me promise to bring him here when he felt himself going off. He said you'd be more frightened if he didn't come home at all, than if he come home so."

"Thank you," Mary answered, and closed the door.

Earle's heart ached with pity for the wife who had been purposely blinded by kind friends, and to whom the disgusting truth must now be appalling. The dead silence in the next room frightened him. He feared that Mary had become insensible from alarm or sorrow. He could not bear the suspense long, and with a hesitating hand he knocked softly at the partition door. Instantly the key was turned, and opening the door, he saw Mary standing before him, her childlike face blanched, her eyes wide with fear. He held out his hand to her, quivering with pity and pain. She grasped it eagerly, clung like a terrified child to his arm, and when he threw it about her trembling form she laid her head upon his shoulder and found relief in sobs and tears. He pressed a tender and sad kiss of comforting upon her forehead—and then another, and another, each more glowing.

Mary looked up at him with the solemn earnestness of innocence and said: "You are my mother's friend, Alvan, and mine—my true friend. And you will be so through all things, I know. This disgrace will only make you the more true to me."

Alvan, repentant for those kisses, vowed silently that, through all temptations from within, and all disasters without, he would be a true friend to her. He assured her somewhat hurriedly, but earnestly, that he would be so; and then bidding her lie down and try to sleep, while he watched by her husband, he left her in his room, and locked himself in with Odelle.

When the morning sun streamed over the swelled features of the drunken man it disturbed his stupor, and Earle thought it time to recall his wife. No answer was returned to his knock, so he gently opened the door, and saw Mary lying upon the edge of the bed asleep, her pillow wet with recent tears, and her deep-veined eyelids telling how bitterly she had wept.

Earle bent over her with yearning pity, which slowly changed into burning anger at the cause of her sorrow. Her little, baby-hand hung over the pillow, and upon it was the wedding ring, a vulgarly, ostentatiously thick hoop of gold, that seemed like a load for her slender finger.

"That fetter shall be broken," muttered Earle, observing and angering at its cruel size.

Even those low words awoke her. She started up in alarm.

"Nothing is the matter, Mary," Earle said, laying his hand upon her arm; "but he is stirring, and it is nearly breakfast-time. God strengthen you, Mary."

The slender girl rose, and then stood with repugnance upon every feature, trying to summon resolution to enter that room, which was almost stifling with the fumes of intoxication and filled with a deadly poison to wifely love, by the brutalized state of him she should honor She seemed unequal to the task; she could not compel herself to act the wife's part to him and watch his awaking, that she might aid him to hide his disgrace from the world and from her parents.

Yet when she pictured her mother opening the door and entering the room, looking for her, and suddenly becoming aware of the stolid form upon the bed, and bending over it in dreadful dismay, she was nerved to her duty. If possible, she would spare her mother this knowledge. She turned to Earle with quivering lip, and asked:

"Don't you think, Alvan, that this is the first and last time? Perhaps mother need never know."

She waited for no answer, but, wringing her hands, passed rapidly into the other room, and closed the partition door.

Earle walked to and fro in his little chamber, praying, cursing, melting with tenderness, burning with anger, and finally seeking to know, with an utter carelessness as to means, how to free Mary from her misery—I mean, rather picturing to himself the necessary conditions of her freedom than devising means to obtain it. He had not come to that yet.

Odelle had taken the fatal plunge. He seldom came home sober afterwards. Earle, urged by Mrs. Pursell's entreaties, and for Mary's sake, followed him, bribed him or commanded him to abstain; remonstrated with him, or forced temporary obedience upon him; led him by force from bar-rooms, and locked him in his own room to sleep off debauches—himself walking the beach all night—and bore abuse or even blows with indifference if he could only drag the drinker from his cup.

But, meanwhile, bitter and dark thoughts were taking the place of strong emotions in the heart of this man who was thus acting a good friend's part. When he dragged Odelle, half dead, from a revel, he was saying to himself, "A surer, shorter end than that shameful one were better." [CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

THE SITTING ROOM.

There is, or there ought to be, in every house, a room where all the household came together, every day; a dear, well remembered chamber, hung round by memory with the portraits of father, mother, brothers, sisters, servants, kinsfolk, friends, neighbors, guests, strangers and Christ's poor. O, my reader, do you not remember such a room? In your wanderings, in your voyages, in the group of your own family, and among your own children, does not your thought go back to the days when you gathered around that ruddy, crackling fire, and when the heads which are now laid low were a crown of glory to their offspring?

In some houses, this common room, or "living room," as our Puritan neighbors call it, is the only room in the house; it is parlor, bedroom, kitchen, all in one. Blessed compensation of Providence to the poor man and his offspring; they can be always together. Wealth multiplies apartments and separates families. Go to the Western clearing, and before you reach the cabin, you descry through the chinks the glow of a fire, which would serve a city mechanic for a week; entering, you behold the illumination of a whole circle sitting around the blaze, perhaps singing their evening hymn. Are they less happy than the dwellers in ceiled houses? Change the scene to the uptown seats of wealth, where the merchant prince abides, in greater conveniences than Nebuchadnezzar or Charlemagne; for he has baths, hot and cold water on every floor, furnace heat and gas lights. You can scarcely number the apartments. You think it a paradise. Hold! Reconsider the social, the domestic part. It is three o'clock. What a solitude! The father is slaving at his counting-house. The mother is dropping cards at fifty doors, or stiffly receiving fifty visits. The boys are sparring, or walking Broadway or Chesnut street. The girls are with masters in Italian, dancing and philosophy. The babies are airing with French nurses. Do these ever come together? Not in the true family sense. Some Christian merchants have few home joys, and are content to pray with their families once a day. The very name of a sitting-room, living-room, or common room, sounds plebeian, and savors of the country. Yet I know men, rich believers, who make conscience of gathering their family, all their family; and to effect this requires a place. God's blessing is on the room, whether covered with Axminster carpets or unplaned plank, whether hung with damask or with hunting shirts and bearskins, where that little kingdom, a Christian household, daily meets for prayer, for praise, for kind words, for joint labors, for loving looks, for rational entertainment, for reading aloud, for music, for neighborly exchanges, for entertaining angels unawares. Thanks be to God for our Presbyterian sitting-rooms.—*J. W. Alexander.*

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

BE HONEST.

BY GEORGE R. CINNAMOND.

When Time was yet in his childhood, a law was given, for the government, in all ages of the human family, that, by the sweat of his brow, man should earn his bread; and to him were given necessities exciting to action. Now labor, if unrequited by some concomitant benefits to be derived, must soon have ceased; and accordingly, we find the relation of debtor and creditor early established, with laws to regulate the rights of the respective parties. Among some of the nations, the right of the creditor to sell his debtor as a slave, is to be found among their laws; and, even in our day, incredible as it may seem, many men, full of necessities, and also full of hopes, committed the horrible crime of going into debt, and suffered the consequent punishment by being incarcerated in the common jail with other malefactors. Notwithstanding they knew the penalty; notwithstanding the experience of their lives told them they were poor ragamuffins, barely able to support a miserable existence from day to day, still they had the audacity and the recklessness to go *in debt*." This was not confined to a few solitary cases, I am afraid, but extended to and counted its myriads. Nor was it confined to any particular age of the world; but it seems to have been equally the same through golden ages, and ages of brass. Sacred and profane history equally bear testimony that debt ruled the world. When David fled to the cave of Adullam, every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, gathered themselves unto him, and he became a captain over a large army. The experience of men had proved what "a pestilence that walketh in darkness" it was; what a dungeon of the soul; but still the wretches went in debt.

But with the invention of steam and telegraphs, came ideas of a larger liberty. It became apparent that "patter families" could not keep a family in bread without a saviour; and the public or course and to support them. This led, no doubt, to the passage of laws by which these dependants were taken off the public and returned again on the poor debtor; and it was wisely determined that if he were honest, and gave up everything he had, he might go out again into the world as a free man, so far as the laws of his country could make him free.

This machinery was found to have worked well; and the fair and upright man, whose life and energies were bound in an iron vice, breathed life anew, and was again useful to his fellows.

Then came the total abolition of all imprisonment for debt; and the man who, encompassed by embarrassments, could not even live without standing behind the door, always peeping out to see if any one was watching him, was emancipated, upon surrendering all he had in the world to his creditors. Like the Irish Attorney, what more could he do? He, I mean, of the Dublin Law Association, who had bound himself not to take a fee less than six shillings and eight pence; and who, it was said, when called on to make known why he had broken the rules, replied, "The fact is, gentlemen, I took everything my client had! I died not leave him one half penny. If any of you can do better than that, you can beat me."

Like all human laws, however, these Insolvent laws have been made to cover great wrongs; but not for those who would wrongfully take advantage of those laws, and who, in their moments of cunning, lay the flattering unction to their souls that their plans are matured in such secresy that they cannot be brought to light, know that there is an overruling Providence, who brings to light the hidden things of the heart; and I shall now give a curious exemplification of such a revelation.

In the city of Baltimore, about the year 18 8, lived a distinguished carpenter and builder, named Pelow Henderson—a man of ability and of good habits, and, consequently, well to do in the world. Rows of houses of the better class attested his enterprise, and he boasted at the time that he gave employment to more than one hundred artisans. From being simply a journeyman carpenter, without means, he had risen to be a man of wealth and position, and of unbounded credit. Suddenly this man began to frequent taverns and to neglect his business, but it was a noticeable fact that he did not drink. Piece by piece was his property disposed of. Pecuniary embarrassments, charged to intemperance and inattention to business, soon followed, and not many months rolled around till he proclaimed himself insolvent; and on or about the beginning of January, 1850, he filed his application for the benefit of the Insolvent Laws.

He had not, however, come out free. Many wondered why he descended so rapidly. Many had their suspicions of unfairness, from a certain restlessness of the eye displayed by him whilst talking about his misfortunes. But it was evident he was very poor. A sale of his personal effects realized about seven hundred dollars, and this gave a dividend, after expenses had been paid, of about one per cent. on his indebtedness.

The panorama you are now viewing is about to change its colours and its subjects. In the month of August, 1849, Abraham McEnry, who passed among his friends under the soubriquet of Abe, a merchant on Howard street in the City of Baltimore, was on his way to the City of New York for the purpose of purchasing his fall goods. The public papers of Baltimore, on the 12th of August, 1849, proclaimed the robbery of this gentleman of $3000, on the boat between Amboy and New York. No clue could be got to the robber, although the loss was known a few minutes before the arrival of the steamer at the latter place. The numbers of the notes were unknown. Three of the notes were of the denomination of one thousand dollars each, on the Union Bank of Baltimore. All the rest were on other banks of Baltimore, but the particulars of them could not be remembered.

A reward of $3000 was offered for a return of the money. When poor McEnry returned to Baltimore his friends sympathized with him; but his losses affected his credit, and he was not able to continue his business. He called a meeting of his creditors in October, 1849, and compromised with them at fifty cents on the dollar, with the understanding that if anything was recovered from the lost seven thousand dollars, it would be divided among his creditors.

The effect of this last arrangement was to set a large body of interested persons on the alert for the money.

Upon inquiry at the Union Bank, it was ascertained that there were only four notes of the denomination of one thousand dollars then in circulation. The payment of these notes was stopped, and the brokers of the principal eastern cities, and of New Orleans, were requested to keep a sharp look out for any of them that might be offered.

The poor, unfortunate, insolvent Henderson, as he passed along Howard street, one of the principal thoroughfares of Baltimore, was struck with no peculiar emotion as he read the sign of Abraham McEnry, Dry Goods. In fact, he did not know the man. There was no thing even about his name that attracted attention. It was not the name of a beast, such as Bull, Lyon, &c.; it was not the name of a bird, such as Parrot, Crane, &c.; it was not the name of a fish, such as Sturgeon, Pike, &c.; nor was it the name of a color, such as Brown, Gray, &c.; it was not the name of a man who did anything, as Walker, Smith, &c. It was locked at and read, day by day, almost without notice. McEnry, too, on the other hand, as he passed whole rows of elegant mansions, on Cathedral street, on Fayette street, or on Franklin street, was as innocent of all knowledge of the builder thereof as were the Ephesians of the name or history of the builder of the Temple of Diana. And yet these men, unknown to each other, were walking to one goal; a hideous spirit, going before each of them, pointed to one spot marked "Destiny." They met.

One cold, disagreeable morning, in the early part of December, 1850, a lady, elegantly attired, entered the Union Bank and, attracted by her appearance, the teller, Mr. Gruff, gallantly requested the gentlemen inside Bank to stand aside, that he might wait on the lady. What makes this polite teller look so disconcerted? The color has fled from his cheek! He asked the lady what she wanted to do with the notes she handed him. She said she wished he would change them into "fives." Hardly knowing what he was talking about, he inquired if she wanted the change in Baltimore money or New York money. His embarrassment increased as he saw the crowd accumulating at the counter. She said she would like to have it in New York money, as she lived in New York. He then requested her to sit down for a few minutes, pointing to a chair.

Mr. Gruff called Bob to come and help him. The individual thus addressed was an old man, who looked as though he had "never drank a glass of toddy." The Teller shortly left Bob, and going into an ante-room, told the President of the Bank, in a somewhat hurried manner, that two of the four outstanding one thousand dollar notes were presented at the counter by a lady then in the Bank; and they, of course, were part of the notes of which McEnry had been robbed, as there was only one other note for one thousand dollars, besides those taken from him. That was a self-evident fact. The President requested Mr. Gruff to ask the lady to call again in about an hour, and the New York money would be paid to her; but previously to the Teller's doing so, the President of the Bank took a check, and going around, entered the Bank by the front door, as if to attend to some business, but in reality to keep his eye on the lady.

When the Teller returned into the Bank, old Bob was just beginning to get into a muss, and asked to be help'd out; but Mr. Gruff turning his attention to the lady, requested her to call in about an hour, and he would have the package of New York money ready done up for her. No one, to have listened to the soft, soothing words of the Teller, and to have heard his gentle tones, would ever have supposed him to be the same Mr. Gruff who had told Bill Sapp, the clerk of Sharp & Co., on the same morning, upon offering the check of that firm for payment, "You are too soon, sir; too soon."

The lady, however, was satisfied with the tones and manner of Mr. Gruff, and pleasantly said she would call in an hour.

As the lady passed out of the Bank, Mr. Nodrog, the President passed out too; he going up Charles street, to the corner of Fayette street; she standing on the front steps, apparently undetermined which way to go. Presently, however, picking up her dress slightly, she walked down the steps into Charles street, and turned towards Baltimore street, the President of the Bank dogging her footsteps. She continued on across Baltimore street, and still down Charles street, to Pratt street

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, December 2, 1863.

THE CONGRESS OF NATIONS.

The late Archbishop Whately created considerable stir by published a book of historic doubts as to the actual existence of Napoleon I. With far more propriety might such a work even now be written, as to whether Louis Napoleon is not a myth. That there is a basis of historic truth—a man who calls himself by that name, none will question; but everything else about him seems so mysterious, unexpected, confused, brilliant yet disorderly, so adroit in making use of occasions, yet so inconsistent with all done before, and with general principles, that while it succeeds long enough to answer the immediate purpose, it, like the tricks of all conjurors, cannot bear repetition when once the secret of it is known, because it rests on delusion, and on no great general principle.

The birth of Louis Napoleon is full of mystical and mythical problems; the fortunes of his life will seem to after times as strange and mythical as if a dozen lives had been condensed into one. His apparent usurpation of freedom and his real support of despotism, alike in all his wars and all his diplomacy; the strange efforts he makes to retard the course of freedom, and yet the manner in which all these efforts are counteracted by higher forces, and become the instruments, ultimately, of the liberation of nations and the progress of the age, are among the most remarkable phenomena of history. From personal pique he attacks Russia, and Russia becomes the most progressive of nations, setting free twenty millions of slaves. Out of spite against Austria, he attacks her Emperor, protesting that Italy shall remain to the Pope, *in statu quo*, but Italy becomes free, while he makes peace with the Emperor of Austria. All that he undertakes, nominally, in the way of freedom, he fails in, and all that he sets his face against, he accomplishes. Even in France, where he has just seized all the copies of the Westminster Review, for its showing up of his Mexican campaign, he is waking up a spirit of quiet, determined opposition to his wilder plans, of so conservative a character as to be drawing to it all the ablest minds of France.

His latest movement invites a European Congress, to consider the affairs of Europe and of America, because he considers the treaties of 1815 dead. This Lord Russell foolishly *said*, in a fit of spite against Russia, and Napoleon now uses it as a pretext to call a Council of Sovereigns, apparently in the interests of liberty and Poland, but really to devise new chains and fetters for the people of Europe, and of Central America and the Gulf of Mexico. Fifteen sovereigns are invited to this European Congress. We, in this country, are not a little interested in this Congress, and have a right to claim to know something about the management of such bodies. The very term Congress has come more into use, in a political sense, since the United States adopted it as the name of their assembled delegates. It is so far an American term, as a political word, that our order, our freedom, our important and harmonious results, reached by means of it, induced the powers of Europe to adopt that very term for that assembly at Vienna, in 1815, which, professing to secure liberty, ended in that miserable combination of sovereigns against the liberties of nations now proclaimed openly an abortion.

Napoleon is right in demanding a Congress of Nations, to settle matters of common interest to them all as nations. He is right in acknowledging that there are common rights and interests among men now stretching far beyond the boundaries of any single nation—belonging, in fact, to the age in which we live, the present as distinct from the past—and that a Congress is necessary to discuss and settle these matte s, and declare what is and what is not international morality, and what is international law, and how it is to be enforced. The sooner such a Congress meets, the better. But we want to know, first of all, whether it is to be a Congress of sovereign Kings, as such, or a Congress of *Nations*. If the former, we have and can have no part or lot in it, but must, as a matter of course, have every interest in upsetting all its schemes. It would be a Congress of Kings in united council to oppose the liberties of their people, and the entire freedom-loving people of the world ought to be on their guard against it. But if it is to be a Congress of *Nations*, our country should have no objection to meet and discuss the common interests of nations, as such, allowing to each the perfect right to themselves, which we claim for ours, of choosing their own form of government. It is said that Louis Napoleon has invited fifteen. England has but little idea of going into such a meeting until she knows beforehand a little more about the matter.

Now is *the time for a Congress of civilized nations*, in which they must be represented on one of two principles, either of each State being represented as *equals*, like our Senate, or according to population, like our House of Representatives, or according to both, like our Congress. A full and free meeting of delegates sent from each Government, on any of these plans, to consider the interests and rights, and duties of nations to each other as such, cannot meet too soon. It ought only to have advisory powers, out of which treaties may grow, or a more perfect form of organization. But the danger is, that some trick to delude the nations convened out of some of their rights and liberties as such lies at the bottom of the Congress.

ANOTHER CONTRACTOR PUNISHED.

The frauds which have been committed upon the Government by army contractors have been so frequent and so notorious, that the facts have ceased to impress the public mind as a wrong to be punished, and are now referred to as transactions indicating only the audacity and smartness of the operator. Those who have dealings with the Government, under the impression that cheating may be practised with impunity, will be startled perhaps by the results of recent military trials in Washington. A fraudulent transaction in coffee has sent the party guilty of it to the New York State Prison for five years. Now we have it announced that a horse contractor has been punished with six months imprisonment. Other trials are in progress, and the transactions of the army contractors are likely to receive a thorough investigation. It is time this were done, for the protection of those who are most helpless to protect themselves—the soldiers in the field. If the food and clothing are inferior, those are the persons who suffer, and not the Government; and every dollar fraudulently added to the gains of the contractor, is a dollar stolen from the men who are fighting the battles of their country and exposing their lives to give security to the persons and property of those who remain at home accumulating fortunes by such dishonest transactions. The Government can protect itself from wrong by breaking the contract, withholding the money, or prosecuting for damages, but the soldiers have no such opportunity to see themselves righted, and therefore the Government is doubly bound to afford them all the protection in its power. When it is understood that it will do so, there will be an end put to the frauds of the army contractors, and the name cease to be a syonyme of rascality, as the public now so generally consider it.

DEPREDATIONS OF PRIVATEERS.

The Merchants' Magazine, for November, has a complete alphabetical list of the vessels which have been captured by the rebel privateers since the rebellion broke out. It comprises a list of 178 vessels, of 80,399 tons. An article is also devoted to the consideration of the subject whether Great Britain is liable to indemnity for these depredations. The writer is of the opinion that she is, and rests his case on the laws of nations, taking the Alabama as an instance where the law has been violated, to the injury of American commerce. The argument is close and logical, resting on facts which appear not to be disputed. These facts are, that the Alabama was fitted out in an English port as a vessel of war; that Mr. Adams, our Minister, had given notice to the British Government of her objects and intentions; that she sailed without register or clearance; that the law officers decided that she ought to be detained, but after she left; that she entered British ports subsequently, without being seized by the British authorities, but was received with favor, and aided in many ways. The neutrality of England being violated by the escape from her ports of a hostile vessel, intending to commit depredations upon American commerce, it was the duty of the Government of Great Britain to pursue and capture her. The writer argues that our Government should present the claims of our injured citizens to the Government of Great Britain. Should that Government refuse indemnity, an amicable mode of adjusting the controversy would be by arbitration. There is evidently a claim to indemnity to be presented, which will give rise to considera-

future discussion of this subject, and it is proper at the legal aspects of the ca e should be properly derstood.

THE PRISONERS AT RICHMOND.—There is no doubt that our prisoners at Richmond are suffering for want of food and attention; and there is no doubt either that the difficulties in regard to the exchange have grown up through misunderstandings and departures from the cartel on both sides. It is now proposed that a commission extraordinary be appointed to adjust this matter and all points which may arise under the exchange. The scarcity of food in Richmond is attributed to the fact that our troops have possession of the East Tennessee Railroad, which supplied Richmond, and the other railroad is used almost entirely of late for the transportation of the army. As our troops advance and seize other important places, the field of supply will be still further narrowed, and the prisoners fare worse and worse, so that the successes of the Union army are likely to add to the afflictions of the prisoners, unless measures are taken to adjust the present difficulty, and the exchange be restored again.

THE IRON-CLAD SANGAMON IN A SINKING CONDITION.—The Washington Intelligencer has the following paragraph in reference to the iron-clad Sangamon, recently from Wilmington, Del.:

"We learn that the Sangamon, a second-class iron-clad, recently built at Philadelphia, came up to the Washington navy yard, a few days ago, to have some defect of her engine remedied, and was nearly ready to depart for sea, when, on Saturday night last, she was discovered to be in a sinking condit on. The alarm being given, the officers and crew, and soldiers and other persons in the yard, turned out, and, by means of the pumps of the ship, and the suction engines attached to the yard, were enabled in about three hours to free the ship from water, and keep her afloat. The cause of this disaster remains a mystery, and will be immediately investigated. It is certain, as we are informed, that the vessel could have suffered no damage here, as she was not taken on the ways. She is of 350 tons burthen."

The facts would indicate that the injury, whatever it was, happened since she arrived at Washington.

OUR PROSPERITY IN ADVERSITY.

So prosperous a year, in many respects, in the midst of so gigantic a war as our rebellion, was, perhaps, hardly ever experienced before in the history of any nation. In Pennsylvania, particularly, is this noticeable. Our iron, our coal, the timber of our forests, the coal oil from our wells, and the wheat from our fields, have all been abundantly produced, and in demand, to the utmost extent of our power of producing them, and at prices the most highly remunerating. Nor has our power of producing fallen off, but increased notwithstanding the war. Usually famine follows war, the laborers being called from agriculture to furnish the army with recruits; yet, last year, we exported upwards of forty millions of bushels of wheat after supplying all our own wants, and this year we have, it is estimated, at least as many more to export. Never a nation had occasion for thanksgiving, then we are that people.

This comes too in the most remarkable contrast to the state of the South. With the same seasons, why is it scarcity stares the Southern population in the face, while we have surplus wheat enough to sell to supply a nation of six or seven millions with bread for the next year? This comes in most remarkable contrast also to the boasts of the rebels that the'r domestic and social institutions were particularly adapted to warlike greatness. It was said, and plausibly enough, that the slaves could hoe the corn while their masters fought, and that as both the men and women could hoe in the field, the South could easily sustain itself; while the white men of the North, by going to war and leaving at home only refined and educated women who could not labor, would cause a famine, which must bring them home again to labor.

No doubt the slaves *could* work thus if they would, but the result is clear that, though not raising any fresh cotton of consequence, the whole negro population will not raise even corn enough, because their masters are not present to compel them. On the other hand, the education of Northern farmers has enabled them to invent machinery, and th's war, by raising the price of labor, has simply brought into use a larger number of drills and reapers, and thus every acre of our wheat has been sowed and gathered in safe and sound, while we have kept our armies still in the field. It is true that, owing to an unseasonable frost, land that ought to have produced a hundred millions of bushels of our corn, and that was planted, will produce nothing. If this had been at the South, it would have taken away so much food from the negroes. But in the North, as our agricultural machinery does not eat corn, we shall, by pinching a little, get along very well.

The result of all this is, that it is as if the Ruler of the Universe had drawn with a knife a dividing line between the North and the South this year as to food, and predicted such a contrast between the rebels and the loyal portions of the country as the world never saw before.

Perhaps it may be thought that, in thus tracing out the law by which this contrast has come about so strikingly, we sweep away all cause of gratitude and thanksgiving to God—all recognition of his Providence. The savage, we are told, sees omens in entrails, and God in everything. The philosopher shows in place a system of universal law and blessings, which had been attributed directly to the Divine agency, but which education shows to come through laws as uniform and eternal as the whole government of God. But Christianity carries us one step further and higher, and shows that our blessings are not less to be ascribed to the care of the Heavenly Father and his Providence, because coming to us through laws and secondary causes. Laws are but the ordinary channels through which the Divine efficiency operates. And thus it becomes true that not a sparrow falls to the ground without the care of the Heavenly Father, and even the very hairs of our head are all numbered. All laws and uniformities are but revelations of the character and purposes, and uniform workings of the Ruler of the Universe.

The laws and regulations of an army are of immense importance, but it is faith, not in *them*, but in the wisdom of the General who uses them, that is most important for the comfort of each soldier in the field on the day of battle. And so it is faith in God, as the Heavenly Father, wiel ing all laws, and not merely in the laws themselves, that is the source of hope and comfort to a nation in times like these.

THE RICHMOND PRISONERS.

The suspended exchange of prisoners and the barbarous treatment inflicted on our soldiers in Richmond is exciting much sympathy, which some parties are endeavoring to turn against our Government for its apparent inaction in neglecting to secure their liberation. The subject has been so complicated by the question of negro prisoners, and by the mutual reclamations for captures made at Gettysburg and Vicksburg, that few understand it thoroughly. The long correspondence between General Meredith and Mr. Ould has degenerated into a bandying of personalities, which throws but little light upon the matter, and the sharp wit of the rebel commissioner has led some to suspect that we are in the wrong, and that our authorities are responsible for the continued detention of the gallant men who are languishing and starving at Belle Isle and in Libby Prison. Notwithstanding the confusion in which the subject is involved, no one can examine the correspondence without coming to the conclusion that the rebels owe us a large number of men. For these we are not likely to receive satisfaction, and it would be better to wipe off the old score as a bad debt than prolong the sufferings of our unfortunate men. Even in this view of the case, however, the late proposal of Mr. Ould would be inadmissable—to release all prisoners on both sides, the overplus of their men to be kept by them on parole. The objections to this are insuperable. They have distinctly declared that they would discharge the paroles of their own men whenever they should consider it right and proper to do so; and it was by twice executing this assumed discretionary power that they placed again in the field the men captured at Vicksburg and Port Hudson, nearly 40,000 in number, for whom we have received, as yet, no just equivalent. After being thus cheated, we could not possibly expose ourse'ves to being again overreached, as we should deliver to them 31,000 men and would receive l.ss than 15,000. Mr. Ould's proposition is therefore simply an attempt to repeat the procedure which has already proved so profitable to his employers.

The Government, however, might consent to exchange man for man all who are yet in their power, without trusting the rebels further or exposing them to temptation, which experience has shown they are unable to resist—leaving the question of their present indebtedness to be settled at some future time, by Commissioners who are not hopelessly involved in a personal quarrel. The question of negro prisoners might also be solved by our setting aside from among our captives a number equivalent to that of our negro soldiers unaccounted for to be retained as hostages, to be subjected to such treatment as may seem necessary to secure for negro troops in future the treatment due to prisoners of war. It ought not to be difficult to effect an arrangement on some such terms as these by which our men may be relieved from the horrors of a winter in a Southern prison.

THE FIGHTING AT CHATTANOOGA.—Despatches from Chattanooga as late as yesterday, announce much fighting for two days previous, and considerable advantages gained by the Union troops. The contest was over the possession of Lookout Mountain, which the rebels have been holding since the retreat of Rosecrans. Lookout Valley, which Thomas gained a few weeks ago, restored his communications, but the army was not satisfied with the rebels holding a portion which looked down upon them, within cannon range, and on Monday an assault was made upon the stronghold, which resulted in gaining possession of the north slope of it and of Missionary Ridge, and compelling Bragg to evacuate the whole of Lookout and holding only the rifle pits at the base of Missionary Ridge. On Lookout two thousand rebel prisoners were taken. Our loss is reported to be not heavy. This is a fortunate beginning, and augers well for operations which are even now in progress. From Knoxville, also, the intelligence is favorable. Burnside is able to maintain his position there, and Longstreet only wastes his strength in trying to take it. The movements south of him against Bragg, if successful, may put him in an ugly position, if he does not take the alarm and suddenly retreat from before Knoxville.

BLUNDERING AGAIN.—The London Times is very sure that Grant and his army can only hope to save themselves "from an ignominous and ruinous retreat." The greatest success that Grant can wish, according to this critic and prophet, is to defend and hold his position at Chattanooga. Grant seems to be stubbornly bent upon falsifying all the Times' predictions, and other Union Generals must be in the same conspiracy with him. They do things which the Times proves to be "impossible," and gain victories by a process which that critic shows will be ruinous to attempt. This is a piece of perversity which may be pardoned by those who are reaping the advantages of victories gained under such circumstances; but it cannot be expected that the disappointed critic will approve of it. Therefore the Times is kept busy showing that the boasted advantages gained are really no victories at all, and that over two years' fighting demonstrates that the rebellion can never be put down, and that the Federal armies are scarcely able to maintain their positions in the face of the invincible Confederacy. Such fatuity as this is without a parallel in journalism.

A NEW ALLY.—A correspondent of the London Times says Maximillian's wife is so beautiful a woman that one of the Mexican delegation declared that "the very sight of this incomparable Princess would be worth to her august husband an army of forty thousand men; and that there was not a single partisan of Juarez who, at the aspect of the Archduchess Charlotte, would not become an enthusiastic imperialist." The Emperor should send Mrs. Maximilian forward without delay, for he needs an ally to make his usurped authority more palatable to the Mexicans. Many a man's wife has saved him from ruin, and if Max intends to go to Mexico, he will need all the help he can command to keep him from being driven out of it by his loyal subjects that are to be. Juarez has had, however, too long a taste of power to permit a pretty woman's influence to seduce him out of it.

THE EFFECT OF A SINGLE WAR VESSEL.—So long as our naval vessels had to be all employed in blockading, the rebels had a good time of it upon the ocean, burning and robbing our ships. A single competent vessel, like the Vanderbilt, has, however, spoiled their fun and scattered them in various directions. The Alabama went East and the Georgia and Tuscaloosa started North, the former putting into Cherbourg for coal. Two or three such steamers as the Vanderbilt, each to select out one of the pirate vessels, and pursue it till caught, or drive it into p rt where it could be blockaded, would speedily drive all the rebel privateers off the ocean.

OLD AND NEW ISSUES.

There is an expression in common use among politicians that might, with propriety, be introduced into other walks of life. Statesmen often find it expedient to lay aside "*old issues*." When General Jackson swept away the United States Bank and introduced the hard currency, the Whigs fought hard. But when he fairly beat, and the people would not stand the Bank, they soon made a new issue, the old ones were forgotten, and with "hard cider" they succeeded, and the log cabin carried the day where the United States Bank had lost it. It too soon passed away.

The party which is successful is often quite as anxious to forget "old issues" as that party that fails. Those who have climbed to power on an issue may doubt if they would succeed as well again upon it. Many, too, are not anxious to remember all the arts by which they rose, and often such are the changes of life that those most convinced and firm in the belief that succeeded at the last election, feel that the discussion of it has been carried far enough, and that it is not needful to press the vanquished further, and that new affinities bring them into fellowships of the warmest kind with those who differed on the old issue. So the hatchet is buried by mutual consent and new platforms are rais d.

These plans which are found wise and necessary on a large scale are so because they belong to human nature as such. We learn best the nature of man as an individual oftentimes by seeing him magnified a thousand or a million times in social or political life, just as we often learn best the natu e of men in masses from a close inspection of the passions and motives which operate most powerfully on ourselves as individuals. Every wise man in the management of his family affairs, and in social life, will often find it best, whether confident he was right or wrong, successful or rather worsted in discussion, to forget "old issues" and construct a new platform.

Even in domestic matters the best of men and the meekest of wives will see matters so differently that at times jars will occur. But, if Mr. Jones, when he has carried his point by the strength of authority, perhaps against right and reason too, is a wise man, he will take care immediately to forget the old issue before his error becomes too palpable. By so doing he may himself, out of pure magnanimity, slip round to his wife's side before the chance for a public discomfiture on the matter, by its having to be decided over again. With a kind remark that, as she gave up her opinion last time, he will give up his this, he wins a double victory. Thus dignity, peace and prudence may be preserved at home, and Mr. Jones will prove himself a wise man and skilful general at last. But, alas for him if, when he has got his own way, he will return to the old issue to try to show that he was right. Nor will it conduce to the happiness of Mrs. Jones if, when the proofs multiply that her other half was wrong and she right, she flouts it at him twenty times after, with "I told you so." Only let her drop the old issue and she may have her own way and her own terms, and be ever after respected and obeyed implicitly on any new issue.

It would minister much to the wisdom of religious denominations if they would learn a little from the children of this generation, and be a little less persistent in harping on the "old issues" which each and all may have had their own importance and necessity two or three hundred years ago, but could now be far more effectually advocated and advanced, so far as true, by not being treated as the "*punctum stantis vel cadentis ecclesiæ*," at the present moment. When new dangers, far more pressing, are sent by a kind Providence, let all good men embrace them as an occasion for a new platform, and a truce on the old ones, to unite all the sound and zealous on the new issue, letting the old issues go for what they are worth. Let every congregation and every minister not hasten indeed to forsake all ecclesiastical ties and associations which connect him historically with the past, but hold them in such a way as not to forfeit the more immediate duties and pressing fraternities growing out of the present age and future hopes of mankind. The man who is always bringing up his grandfather, confesses thereby that *he* is a great deterioration. The man who thinks has better blood in him than his neighbors let him prove it by showing himself better prepared than they to struggle side by side with them in the new issues the religious culture of the age and its philosophies require. It is thus God intended old feuds to die out, and to end in new and firmer friendships and co-labors; men forgetting the differences of a past age in the unities of a new one. The old truths are sure to live through all this, it is only the extremes, and mistakes, and party bitterness that will be obliterated where all is thus left free.

SEWING WOMEN'S WAGES.

There is a movement in New York and Boston, among the Sewing Women, to obtain higher prices. A woman will not earn as much in a week by her needle as a hod-man will earn in a day, and out of this she has to feed, clothe and keep herself warm at the present prices of every necessary of life. The hardship here is manifest, but the remedy for it is not so easy as it seems. Wo men are not educated to make their own living, as the necessity of labor is never apparent to them till they are left self-dependant. Then the needle is the never failing resource, because sewing is the only thing women generally can do. This causes a superabundance of such labor, and, consequently, a lowering of the remuneration. Were women as generally engaged in sewing, the pay would be better for those employed in it. The pay of chambermaids, cooks and house servants generally is much higher than the pay of sewing women. Ordinary house servants command now from $150 to $2 per week and found, which is equivalent to $4 50 and $5 per week, or twice as much as one-half the sewing girls employed on government work, and in slop shops, are able to earn with continuous labor for twelve and fourteen hours per day. Now, with this difference in the rate of compensation, we do not see why American women should starve on needle wages when they can live comfortably, and save money, as house servants. It is a foolish pride which keeps them from the latter service, though all labor honestly performed is honorable, and that which pays the best and gives the laborer the greatest comforts is the most desirable. Women with families of young children, of course, cannot enter service in other person's houses; but single women could, and the withdrawal of these from the number who are earning their living at the miserable wages the needle affords, would improve the condition of all. The sewing machine, by the immense amount of labor it is able to perform, is concentrating in the hands of a fewer number of persons the work which is to be done with the needle, and the effect is that handwork sewing is becoming a keener and more difficult struggle against starvation. Other employments will have to be sought by women, and more systematic training for particular professions will open the door more widely to their skill. But for the mass of mere hand labor, which finds an impoverished subsistence in sewing, the immediate and most practicable relief would be house labor, for which there is a greater demand than the present supply can meet.

Prices of Labor, Food and Clothing.

THE INCREASE IN TWO YEARS.

The New York World publishes the following Tables of the increase in the prices of labor and the cost of the necessaries of life. They are interesting facts for consideration.

	1861.	1863.	Increase per cent.
Blacksmiths	$1 75	$2	14
Do. Helpers	1 37	1 75	27
Bricklayers	2 50a1 75	2a2 50	12a50
Barbers	4a6	6a8	33a50
Carriage Trim'rs	1 50	2	33
Coach Painters	1 50	2	33
Coach Drivers	1 25	1 75a2	40
Coopers	1 50a1 75	2 50a3	66a71
Carpet and Furniture Ch'kmeck	8a12	12a16	33a50
Caulkers	2 50	2 75	100
Car Driv'rs, R.R.	1 25a1 50	1 75a2	33a40
Cabinetmakers	1 50	2	33
Carpenters	1 62	2 25	38
Coppersmiths	1 50a2	2a2 75	33a35
Dry Goods Cl'ks.	400 year	500	25
Glass Cutters	1 37a2 25	1 50a3 25	9a44
Gunsmiths	2a4	3a4 50	50a100
Hatters	2 50a3 37	3 25a5	30a48
Laborers	1a1 25	1 25a1 50	20a24
Machinists	40a2 75	1 75	32
Moulders	1a1 25	1 25a1 50	20a25
Marble Polishers	1 50a2 00	1 75a2 25	12a16
Painters	1 50	2 25	50
Plasterers	1 37	2 50	34
Shoemakers	1 25	1 75	40
Sailmakers	2 50	3 00	20
Stage Drivers	1 25a1 56	1 75	40
Ship Carpenters	2 00a2 50	2 25a2 75	10a12
Stone Cutters	2 00	2 25	12
Tailors	1 25	2 00	60
Tinsmiths	1 25a1 50	1 75a2 25	40a50
Tobacco Makers	1 37a1 75	1 50a2 75	9a16
Trunk Makers	1 50a1 75	No incr.	
Turners	1 00a1 50	1 37a1 75	16a37
Upholsterers	1 62a2 00	2 00a2 37	18a23

The following is a list of prices of groceries, dry goods and the like, and the increase. Meats and vegetables have increased twenty per cent., and coal 125 per cent. in price:

GROCERIES.	1861	1863.	Increase per cent.
Sugar, per lb	9a11	14a17½	55a60
Coffee, pure	20a25	50a55	100a150
" adulterated	20	35	75
Tea, per lb	45a75	$1 00a1 50	61a122
Butter, per lb	15a22	50a55	233a257
Eggs, per doz	15	25a30	66a100
Cheese, per lb	8a10	18a20	100a125
Apples, bbl, 3 bu.	$1 50a2 25	$3 00a4 00	77a100
Potatoes, "	$1 50a2 00	$2 25a2 00	50
Flour, "	$5 50a7 50	$9 00a11 00	46a53
Ham, per lb	10a11	14a15	35a40
Starch, "	6a8	9a10	25a50
Soap, "	7	11	57
Seed, "	10a12	15	25a50
Rice, "	7a8	13	62a86
Molasses, gallon	35a45	70a80	77a100
DRY GOODS.			
Amer. Delaine	18	30	66
Amer. Printed	10	24	140
Yard wide unbl'ched muslin	10	46	500
Brown cot. Fl'n	10	50	400
Amoskeag Tkg	12½	56	350
Wool Flannels	28	50	100
All-w'l g Sacking	$5 50	$10 00	81
Fancy dress gds	25	50	100
All-w'l Merinos	75	$1 50	100
MEN'S CLOTHING.			
Overcoats	10a12a16	15a18a25	50a56
Business	8a9	12a20	50a122
Frocks	15a22	20a30	33a43
Vests	2 75a3 00	4 00a4 50	45a50
Pants	2 75	4 25	54
Hats, silk	3 50	5 50	57
Hats, cloth	2 50	3 50	40
Caps	1 25	2 00	60
Oiled Water-prf Suits	2 00	4 00	100
BOOTS AND SHOES.			
Men's H'y Shoes	1 00	1 50	50
Men's Fi'd Boots	2 00	3 00	50
Men's Peg'd Calf Boots	2 75	4 25	54
Women's Morocco Boots	87	1 50	48
Women's Gait'rs	1 00	1 70	70
Girls' Morocco Shoes	75	1 25	66
Women's Rubbers	75	1 25	66

FORMING NEW TIES.—The people of New Brunswick, failing in an effort to get a railroad to Canada, are making arrangements to build one to Maine. The Canadian press, in noticing this fact, regard it as proof that the Brunswickers intend to multiply their commercial connections with this country, while sundering those which unite them to Canada.

OPERATIONS OF GRANT'S ARMY

DESPATCH FROM GEN. MEIGS TO SECRETARY STANTON.

ACCOUNTS OF THE THREE DAYS' FIGHTING.

He Pronounces it the Best-fought Battle of the War.

HEAD-QUARTERS, CHATTANOOGA, Nov. 26.

ELWIN M. STANTON, SECRETARY OF WAR:—Sir—On the 23d inst. at 11.30 A. M., Gen. Grant ordered a demonstration against Mission Ridge, to develope the force holding it. The troops marched out, formed in order and advanced in line of battle, as if on parade. The rebels watched the formation and movement from their picket lines and rifle pits and from the summit of Mission Ridge, five hundred hundred feet above us, and thought it was a review and drill, so openly and deliberately and so regularly was it done.

As the line advanced, preceded by skirmishers, at two o'clock P. M. reached our picket lines, they opened a rattling volley upon the rebel pickets, who returned it and ran into their advanced lines of rifle pits. After them went our skirmishers, and those who differed on the old issue. So the hatchet is buried by mutual consent and new platforms are raised.

Until we opened fire, prisoners assert that they thought the whole movement was a review and general drill, and that it was too late to send to their camp for reinforcements, and that they were overwhelm d by force of numbers. It was a surprise in open daylight.

At 3, P. M., the important advanced position of Orchard Knob, and the line right of it, left were in our possession, arrangements were ordered for holding them during the night. The next day, at daylight, General Thomas had 6000 men across the Tennessee, and established on its south bank, and commenced the construction of a pontoon bridge, about six miles above Chattanooga. The rebel steamer Dunbar, repaired at the right moment, rendered effective aid in this crossing, carrying over 6000 men.

By nightfall, General Thomas had seized the extremity of Mission Ridge nearest the river, and was entrenching himself. General Howard, with a brigade, opened communication with him from Chattanooga, on the south side of the river. Skirmishing and cannonading continued all day on the left and centre.

Gen. Hooker scaled the slopes of Lookout Mountain from the valley of Lookout Creek, drove the rebels around the point, captured 2000 prisoners, and established himself high up the mountain side, in full view of Chattanooga.

This raised the blockade, and now steamers were ordered from Bridgeport to Chattanooga. They had before run only to Kelly's Ford, whence ten miles of hauling over the mountain roads and twice across the Tennessee upon pontoon bridges brought supplies. During last night the point of Mission Ridge, on the extreme left, and the side of Lookout Mountain to the extreme right, blazed with the camp fires of loyal troops.

The day has been one of dense mists and rains, and much of Gen. Hooker's battles had been fought above the clouds, which concealed him from our view, but from which his musketry was heard.

At nightfall the sky cleared, and the full moon, the traitor's doom, shone upon the beautiful scene until 1 A. M. Twinkling sparks upon the mountain side showed that picket skirmishing was going on, then it ceased.

A brigade sent from Chattanooga crossed the Chattanooga creek and opened communication with Hooker.

Gen. Grant's head quarters, during the afternoon of the 23d and the day of the 24th, were in Wood's Redoubt, except when, in the course of the day, he rode along the advanced line, visiting the head quarters of the various commanders in Chattanooga valley. At daylight on the 24th, the Stars and Stripes were discovered on the peak of Lookout. The rebels had evacuated the mountain. General Hooker moved to descend the mountain, and striking Mission Ridge at the Rossville Gap, to sweep on both sides and on its summit. The rebel troops were seen as soon as it was light enough, streaming by regiments and brigades along the narrow summit of Mission Ridge, either concentrating on the right to overwhelm Sherman, or marching for the railroad to raise the siege.

They had evacuated the valley of Chattanooga; would they abandon that of Chickamauga? The twenty-pounders and rifled guns of Wood's redoubt opened on Mission Ridge, and Orchard Knob sent its compliments to the Ridge, which, with rifled Parrotts and Dalton, with the cannonade, thus commenced, continued all day. Shot and shell screamed from Orchard Knob to Mission Ridge, and from Mission Ridge to Orchard Knob, and from Wood's redoubt over the heads of Generals Grant and Thomas and their staff, who were with us in this favorable position, where the whole battle could be seen as in an amphitheatre. The head-quarters were under fire all day long. Cannonading and musketry were heard from Gen. Sherman.

Gen. Howard marched the 11th Army Corps to join him, Thomas sent out skirmishers, who drove in the rebel pickets and chased them into their entrenchments at the foot of Mission Ridge.

General Sherman made an assault against Bragg's right, extending on a high knoll, called Red Bank, which Gen. Sherman lay fortified. The assault was gallantly made. They reached the edge of the crest, a bold their ground for, it seemed to me, an hour, but were bloodily repulsed by the reserves. A general advance was ordered, and a strong line of skirmishers followed by a deployed line of battle some ten miles in length. With the signal (the leader (shots from the head-quarters of Orchard Knob) they moved rapidly and orderly forward.

The rebel pickets discharged their muskets and ran into their rifle-pits. Our skirmishers followed on their heels. The line of battle was not far behind, and we saw the grey rebels swarm out of the ledge line of rifle-pits in numbers by fifties, and run us, and over the base of the hill a few turned and fired their pieces, but the greater number collected into the many roads which cross obliquely up its steep face and went on to the top. Some regiments pressed on and swarmed up the steep sides of the river. Here and there a color was advanced beyond the lines. The attempt appeared to be most dangerous, but the advance was supported, and the whole line ordered to storm the heights upon which rest the hundred pieces of artillery, and no one knew how many forty pieces of artillery, and no one the assailants. With cheers answering cheers, the men swarmed upwards. They gathered to the points least difficult of ascent, and the line was broken. Color after color was planted on the summit, while musket and cannon vomited their thunder upon them.

A well directed shell from Orchard Knob exploded a rebel caisson on the summit, and the gun was seen galloping to the right, its driver lashing his horse. A party of our soldiers intercepted them, and the gun was captured with cheers.

A fierce musketry fight broke out to the left, where, between Generals Thomas and Sherman, a mile or two of the ridge was still occupied by the rebels.

Bragg left the house in which he had held his head-quarters, and rode to the rear as our troops gained the crest of Mission Ridge.

Gen. Grant proceeded to the summit, and only then did we know its height. Some of the captured artillery was put into position, artillerists were sent for, to work the guns, and caissons were searched for ammunition. The rebel log breastworks were turned to pieces and carried to the other side of the ridge and used in forming barricades. A strong line of infantry was formed in the rear of Baird's line, who was hotly engaged in a musketry contest with the rebels to the left, and a secure lodgment was soon effected. The other end of the line, the right of our centre, gained the summit, and the rebels threw down their arms and fled. General Hooker, coming into a favorable position, swept the right of the ridge and captured many prisoners.

Bragg's remaining troops left early in the night, and the battle of Chattanooga, after three days of manœuvring and fighting, was won. The last stronghold of the rebellion in the centre was broken; Burnside relieved from danger, East Tennessee, Kentucky and Tennessee rescued, Georgia and the Southwest threatened in the rear, and another victory added to the chapter of "Unconditional Surrender Grant."

To night the estimate of captures is several thousand prisoners, many pieces of artillery. The loss, for so great a victory, is not severe.

Bragg is firing the railroad as he retreats towards Dalton. Sherman is in hot pursuit.

To-day I viewed the battle-field, which extends for six miles along Mission Ridge and for several miles on Lookout Mountain. Probably not so well-directed fire was ever delivered as that which was delivered during the war. But one assault was repulsed, but that assault, by calling to that point the rebel reserves, prevented them repulsing any of the others.

A few days since, General Bragg sent to General Grant a flag of truce, advising him that it would be prudent to remove any non-combatants who might still be in Chattanooga.

No reply has been returned, but the combatants having removed from this vicinity, it is probable that non-combatants can remain without imprudence.

M. C. MEIGS,
Quartermaster General.

Additional Concerning the Casualties.

CHATTANOOGA, November 26.—The loss in Sherman's column yesterday was quite heavy. It will probably exceed one thousand, divided among a few regiments. Lists of killed and wounded can't be sent by telegraph. It is reported that Col. Langdon of the 73d Pennsylvania is captured, the Colonel is killed and the Major severely wounded.

Major W. S. Marshall, of the 6th Iowa, with the colors; company K, and parts of company A, on the right and left, were captured. Lieutenant Col. Archer, of the 17th Iowa, is wounded and a prisoner. Captain Pickering, of the 6th Missouri, is killed and wounded. Colonel O'Mara, of the 9th Illinois, is wounded, but mortally wounded through the kidneys. Lieutenant Colonel Stuart, of the 9th Illinois, may possibly survive.

Col. Wiley, of the 41st Ohio, lost a leg; Col. Moore, of the 36th Ohio, had a narrow escape; Col. Opdyke, of the 125th Ohio, whose regiment was charged "Ohio Tigers" by Gen. Wood, had two horses shot; Lieut Col. Glass, 32d Indiana, died to-day, in the hospital.

THE BATTLE OF LOOK-OUT MOUNTAIN.

A special despatch says our losses in killed and wounded, on the 23d, 24th and 25th inists., at the storming of Lookout Mountain, were 3000, and in the assault on Missionary Ridge about 200.

Our wounded are all under cover and well cared for, the hospital and all other supplies being abundant.

Guerrillas on the Tennessee.

CAIRO, Nov. 26.—It is reported by an officer who came down last evening, that guerrillas are very thick in the vicinity of Maysville, Kentucky; also at Eastport, Tennessee. The steamer Spread Eagle landed a lot of horses and mules at Eastport, on the 21st. On the same night sixty of them were taken by guerrillas.

The Spread Eagle was fired into three times, on the passage down the Tennessee, but no one was hurt. Guerrillas were seen in large numbers all the way down. Twenty bales of cotton were set on fire above Maysville, and floated down the river.

Nearly every boat was fired upon, on the Tennessee, that has passed within the last four days. The Spread Eagle came down on the 22d; a gunboat was then shelling the guerrillas from off Eastport.

From Chattanooga.

ENEMY CONCENTRATED NEAR DALTON—LONGSTREET RECALLED FROM BEFORE KNOXVILLE.

CHATTANOOGA,

ARMY AND NAVY.

GENERAL ORDER OF MAJOR GEN. THOMAS.

Major General Thomas has issued a General Order, dishonorably dismissing one Colonel, two Majors, fifteen Captains, twenty-six Lieutenants, and one Surgeon, for various offences, incuding drunkenness, feigning sickness, spreading false rumors, permitting men to plunder, misbehavior in the face of the enemy, shameful cowardice, gross disloyalty, dishonest practices, and conduct unbecoming officers and gentlemen.

BOSTON, Nov. 20.—The steam frigate Niagara is shortly expected at the Charlestown Navy Yard to have her armament changed. The 200 pound Parrott guns on her spar deck are pronounced too heavy, and guns of a less calibre will be substituted for them.

The Ticonderoga is in the Dry Dock.

LIEUT. COMMAN'R TRUXTON has been detached from the Navy Yard at Philadelphia, and ordered to the command of the Tacony.

THE REBEL RAM ATLANTA.—The appearance of the rebel ram Atlanta, on the sectional dock at the Navy Yard, is rather novel. The original hull of the Fingal was built upon until the hull of the Atlanta, from the deck several feet downward, is almost double the size. The ram extends eight or ten feet beyond the original hull, and has a most formidable appearance. It is encased with heavy iron, and part of its length it has teeth like a saw blade. Considerable time and labor must have been expended in fitting up this craft, and her capture, under the circumstances, could not but have been exceedingly mortifying to the rebels.

THE MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON.—A writer in the Cincinnati Commercial states that the U. S. Naval squadron of the Mississippi river consists of eighty six vessels, of all descriptions, in commission, with a complement of over 1000 officers and 40 000 effective men. Many of these vessels are of the most formidable class, and heavily armed. The vessels of this squadron are divided into several classes—the iron-clads, the tin-clads, despatch vessels and auxillary vessels.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, December 2, 1863.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

The Cheapest Family Journal of its Character in the United States.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

Its leading features are—

The News of the Day,
Agriculture and Science,
Original Stories and Poetry,
Editorials, Market Reports,
and General Miscellany.

All which is furnished in a compact, well digested, well printed Family Newspaper, at the extremely low price of

One Dollar Per Year to Single Subscribers.
For $10 Ten Copies will be sent to one address one year, with one extra to the getter up of the Club.
For $20 Twenty-two Copies will be sent to one address one year, with one extra to the getter up of the Club.

No subscription for less than one year will be received. The "Newspaper" is always discontinued at the expiration of the time for which it is paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Inserted at 25 cents per line per week, and as a medium for the sale of Real Estate, Stocks, &c., and for making known the various articles of Agricultural Machinery, where sold, &c., it is probably not surpassed by any other paper in the country.

☞ No subscription attended to unless accompanied with the money. Address,

W. M. W. SWAIN & CO.,
Publishers of the Dollar Newspaper,
S. W. corner of Third and Chesnut sts., Philadelphia.

☞ THE POSTAGE of the "Dollar Newspaper" is the same all over the country—TWENTY CENTS per annum, payable FIVE CENTS each quarter, in advance.

TO READERS AND WRITERS.

"FALLING LEAVES,' a seasonable effusion, by C. H. G., was shall endeavor to make room for soon.

☞ Japhet's Sketch is declined.

"WINTER IS HERE" is more seasonable than poetic. It is declined.

☞ Prof. Jacob's Minutes of the Battle of Gettysburg, is published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. Price 6 cents.

THE NEWSPAPER FOR 1864.

In accordance with time-honored custom, as the Yankee Governors used to say in their Proclamations, we again take the liberty of reminding our friends, readers, the public, and "the rest of mankind," that the beginning of a "New Year"—or rather the beginning of a new volume, which, in the case of the "Newspaper," begins a little in advance of the great calendar holiday—is a good time to subscribe for a good newspaper; and also a good time to discontinue a bad one. It is a good time to form new resolutions and to shake off bad habits; a good time to break away from unprofitable companions and to form better and more ennobling associations. With the commencement of a new volume and a New Year, therefore, the "Newspaper" invites a "renewal of assurances" from its old subscribers, and respectfully offers itself "on trial" to all "citizens and strangers." To those who have been with us from the beginning, in a weekly intercourse of twenty-one years, we have only to return thanks for the constancy of their friendship; although we may venture to express the belief, that "the obligation has been mutual." If any one of these desire to double our gratitude, they can easily do so by duplicating their subscriptions. The head and front of our soliciting hath this extent—no more. Of the future we have a word or two to say, but not in promises. All sensible minds must be deeply disgusted "about these days," on reading the wonderful things flamingly set forth in the thousand-and-one "Prospectuses," whose fulfilments at the end of the year can only remind one of the fabled mountain, which, after all its rumbling and thundering brought forth a *ridiculous mus*. We have no dazzling promises to make to our readers, no extraordinary lures to catch new subscribers. It is our intention to put the "Newspaper" in new and rather larger type, for its news reading, and to make it, in typographical appearance, all that a family newspaper, of large circulation, and containing the news up to its *date* of publication can well be. Editorially the "Newspaper" will continue all that it has ever been, and its Agricultural and Scientific Departments shall command the best efforts to make them interesting, instructive and profitable to the general reader. But as the main interest of the coming year will centre in the prosecution of the war to a speedy peace, the movements of our armies and the doings of our public men will be carefully and closely followed and noted. We intend that every family that takes and reads the "Newspaper," whether it takes other papers or not, shall realize for it its worth, in literal and direct profit, twice the amount of its subscription price.

DEGENERATE TENDENCIES IN EUROPEAN SOCIETY.

In England the downward tendency in morals is being noticed occasionally in such a way as to prove the chief symptom that that which is called good society in Europe are extremely great for the young and would-be fashionable young men and ladies of the present age. Perhaps it may almost be doubted whether, instead of a European tour being the best method of acquiring a finished culture, it will not some day, and before long be avoided by those who have families to educate, on account of the bad tastes and habits into which most drop who frequent ordinary society.

For instance, betting is now becoming so increasingly common that hundreds of pounds are daily changing hands, in all sorts of company, on the most frivolous wagers. The speed of a world, it is said in question, is sure to give rise to a wager. After dinner, two worms found in filberts are sufficient to form the basis of a bet as to which will cross a given line on the table first. If you look out of the window on a rainy day a fashionable friend at that same club will lay you an even wager of any amount which drop will reach the bottom of the pane of glass first. The sums staked are often not such as any ordinary gentleman can afford to win or lose without emotion and cause a sort of universal keenness and sharpness of looking out for one's own advantage in the very best circles that would have been considered quite at variance with the character of a gentleman and the repose of good society a few years since. Ladies, in like manner, are becoming perfect adepts in these polite arts of money making. A few years since such efforts were cried shame upon when it took the form of speculation in railway shares. Now, in other forms, it appears leading to much mischief.

The prize ring was supposed to have been about banished from the open sanction of good society. But now, and for the past few years, a strange excitement and stimulus has been given to the slang talk and betting of the ring, since the contest of Heenan with the Champion of England. Then many officers of the army, especially from a sort of national feeling, began to take pride in encouraging combats of this sort, in hopes of developing English spirit. In this country, the labors of opening up a new country, and the limestone waters of the Western rivers, have so developed the bone and muscle of large numbers in the United States, that, without the low and degrading custom of personal contests, superior muscular power has been the natural consequence. In England, large numbers of the youth are reviving the boxing habits that used to be admired half or three quarters of a century ago. This throws them among all sorts of characters, and not money alone is lost, but character retrogrades strangely. In order to be up to all the tricks of the ring, a man has to be sadly apprenticed to the lowest and most dishonorable courses; and the result is very clearly showing itself in the manners of many Englishmen. The effects which followed the fashions of the turf, and caused them to be so generally abjured, especially since the introduction of steam carriages, took away all utility from fast horses—these effects are now making rowdies of a large portion of all classes in Great Britain. This fashion Napoleon has proved no way indisposed to render fashionable on the Continent.

The only proper remedy for this is for persons of superior merit, and a higher tone of moral feeling, to cultivate the study of what is really becoming, and intrinsically and inherently manly, genteel, safe and wise for the education of youth, and make proper arrangements for its introduction. Dr. Dio Lewis can show men how to cultivate the muscles far better than the professors of the prize ring; and the hardy labors of our own forests, and the dangers of life in the West, and in California, to say nothing of the battles in which we are now engaged, will educate our people in courage without any of the moral degradation of which we have spoken.

ARE THE REBELS ENTITLED TO BELLIGERENT RIGHTS?

When the rebellion first broke out it assumed so large and imposing a form as to deceive the leading powers of Europe most intimately connected with this country, both in its expression and in its supposed power to command success. A sentiment so promptly manifested must needs have been universally entertained, and a determination so clearly marked, proceeded from conscious strength and ability to enforce it. France and England, therefore, hurried at once to recognize the "Confederacy" as possessing belligerent rights, for each desired the advantage of standing favorably disposed toward a new and rising power which promised, politically and commercially, to overshadow the North. The granting of belligerent rights to States in rebellion necessarily gave them advantages which have assisted to prolong the war and injure the commerce of the United States. But recent events have shown that the rebels are no longer in a position to wage war successfully or prosecute it according to civilized usages. This day they cannot feed the unfortunate prisoners who have fallen into their hands, and the dens the prisoners are confined in are only fit for brutes. The rebel desperation and destitution are so great that they are ready to receive from the Government they would destroy, the food which is necessary to keep the prisoners in their hands from absolute starvation. The condition of their own people is not much better, for untold misery is at the door of millions in the Confederacy, and they have no means of helping themselves against the military despotism which rules them. Prolonging war, under such circumstances, is only an unnecessary infliction of suffering upon humanity, and those guilty of it are not entitled to be recognized as belligerents by any Christian nation. In view, therefore, of the fact that war cannot be carried on any longer by the rebels with any regard to humanity or decency, the President should protest against any nation longer extending to them belligerent rights. The objects the rebel leaders sought in rebellion are manifestly hopeless, and war on their part degenerates into mere malignity and brutality, inflicting unnecessary evil upon mankind. The effect of withholding belligerent rights from the rebels would be to deprive their privateers of the right to enter any port for supplies, and would in a few weeks compel them to abandon their nefarious work of destruction upon the ocean. Commerce could be restored again between ourselves and the nations of Europe. The attention of our Navy Department undistracted by depredations at sea would be more completely concentrated upon the blockade, and the foreign resources of rebellion cut off, or would speedily come to an end, and the good and friendly relations which existed between the United States and foreign nations would happily be restored.

GEN. GRANT'S VICTORY.

The victory of General Grant over the rebel Gen. Bragg appears to be a complete one. The rebel General, after losing Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, commenced yesterday a retreat, followed by the Union army in pursuit. Our forces are said to have captured forty pieces of artillery and over 5000 prisoners. Whether this should be so or not, compelling Bragg to retreat is an important victory of itself in its immediate and future consequences. It deprives the rebels of all the advantages they hoped to gain by their assault upon Rosecrans and the re-occupation by them of Chattanooga, and it brings upon them all the evils which they have dreaded and pointed out as inevitable if Chattanooga and Knoxville are not recovered. It also renders Burnside's position secure, for Longstreet now will have to retreat as rapidly as Bragg, to avoid an attack upon his rear by Grant. His present position is one of great peril. Both he and Bragg have failed to secure a single point in their recent movements, and they retire with their armies weakened and rendered less effective by their losses and defeats. This is what the Richmond journals have foreseen and lamented. Their victories they said were barren of results, for their losses more than counterbalanced the advantages gained. They were warring against armies which could always be speedily recruited, while their own could not be supplied in the same way for want of population. If this be the effect of their victories, their defeats must be still more damaging, for they are generally attended with great slaughter and great desertions, for it is only victory which keeps sustained the ardor of the Southern mind. But Chattanooga is indispensable to the subsistence and existence of the Southern army. Without it their Richmond army cannot be fed. The occupation of the position in front of it by Bragg was to compel Grant to evacuate it. Bragg had no intention of bringing on a battle. All he hoped for was, that he would be able to keep in the immediate front of Grant, cripple his means of supply by raids upon his rear, which would compel him to fall back to Nashville and leave the East Tennessee Railroad in Bragg's hands. The Atlanta Register of the 5th points out what the rebel expectations and designs were. It says:

"The facts must be conceded that just now there is no imperative reason why Bragg should give battle. If he can choose his own ground and thus equalize the opposing armies, there would be no danger of defeat; in fact, victory would be absolutely certain. He may now be outnumbered, and it is thought by military men that he should merely hold the enemy at bay until opportunity may compel, as they must, the retreat of Thomas from Chattanooga.

"President Davis meant all that he said when he declared that, before the campaign closed, our army would repossess Tennessee. But there are accidents in war against which no human genius and foresight can provide. Such an event might occur in East Tennessee; but, if we read aright what has been done, and the movements now being executed, and no disaster befall detachments of our armies, the withdrawal of Thomas from Chattanooga becomes, at no distant day, inevitable. He will first seek to crush Bragg; but it happens, whatever Bragg's enemies may say of him, that they concur in ascribing to him those qualities which made Fabius immortal and rendered Washington's military reputation as admirable as his unselfish patriotism. *Bragg knows when and how to retreat.* Tennessee can be redeemed without a battle at Chattanooga. In accomplishing this result a retrograde movement may be made, but it will be that of a chess-player, who loses a pawn to catch a 'castle.' *We have no authority for the suggestion that a retrograde movement may occur*, and only speculate on facts which appear alike in Northern and Southern journals."

Bragg has retreated, but it is not a retreat without a battle, and a damaging one to him. He has lost the "pawn," but he has not caught the "castle," and seems to be in the position of one who has been baffled in every move, with players of equal skill watching the game and holding securely the advantages gained.

THE CHATTANOOGA VICTORY.—The accounts from Chattanooga confirm the best advices which had previously been received. Bragg's army is beaten worse than any army during the war, and it is fleeing, pell-mell, to escape utter annihilation, leaving nothing behind to impede its progress. Sixty pieces of cannon, five thousand stand of arms, as many thousand prisoners, with all the stores destroyed accumulated near Chattanooga, for a winter's campaign against Grant, are the fruits of the late successful operations of our army. It approaches nearer a decisive battle than any engagement yet fought, with the exception of Grant's successes in front of Vicksburg, and which led to the occupation, by our arms, of that important position. In its effect the rout at Chattanooga may be still more important, for it defeats the object of the entire rebel campaign in Northern Georgia and Eastern Tennessee, for which they had accummulated their utmost force, and to which they were driven by the most desperate straits. A failure here is confessedly a failure in their ability any longer to resist, effectively, the Union arms. The steady advance of our armies into the heart of the rebel States, is as inexorable as fate. Reverses are only temporary checks, which accumulate the Union force and give it more irresistible power. It is now a sweeping away successfully the last defences of the rebels, and driving their armies out of them in confusion and disorder. There is no power the rebels possess which can stop effectually the force of this current, or stay the destruction which awaits rebellion.

SYRUP FROM THE CHINESE SUGAR CANE, OR SORGHUM.—Comparatively few persons are yet acquainted with this new and delightful product which, in many parts of the Middle States, has taken the place of syrups and molasses heretofore derived from tropical regions. When we said made, it is much to be regretted that the production has already

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

THE SENTINEL.

BY J. D. HYLTON.

The shades of night are thickening fast,
The rain in torrents pours,
And loud the cold, howling blast,
Through reeling forests roars;
Upon the damp and dismal ground,
Two sleeping armies lie,
Lurid watch-fires flicker round,
Till one by one they die.

And all alone at my dreary post,
A sentinel I stand;
Far to the right the foemen's host
The woody hills command.
Wide o'er the land their tents are spread,
They whiten all the scene,
And oft I hear their sentry's tread
Not far from mine, I ween.

Hark! I hear a sound above the storm,
I see a flash of fire,
And there afar I see a form
Behind a tree retire;
It is the foemen's sentinel,
He marked me through the gloom.
Thank God! his bullet harmless fell,
Nor gave me to the tomb.

While 'mid such dangers thus I live
And endless toil and dole,
Oh! can the world one blessing give
To cheer my pensive soul?
Yes, 'tis thoughts of thee, thou cherished one,
My Mary, it is thou.
I see thee, as in days agone,
Before me standing now.

The sweet, sweet smile upon thy lips,
Thine eyes so kind and sheen,
That could the brightest stars eclipse
With lovelincss serene.
I see thee as a woman grown—
Although in years a child—
I hear thy voice's gentle tone,
Like seraph's calm and mild.

Ay, oft my loved and loving bride,
My fancy paints thee here,
And, as of old, oft by my side,
In thoughts thou dost appear.
May he who made this spacious earth,
And guides the roaring storm—
Who gave to everything its birth—
Each mute and living form—

Forever guide thy footsteps on,
And keep thee truly blest,
When thine eyes are closing one by one,
To everlasting rest—
May he be near to ease Death's pain,
And lead thy gentle soul
To join the throngs that round his throne
In endless glory roll!

In every period of thy life,
Through all thy weal or wo,
May that heart to him be given,
From whence all blessings flow.
In all his mercies may'st thou see
A Father's kindness shine,
And may no gift his grace confers,
Thy heart from him incline.

Through times of joy, or fell distress,
Each bright or gloomy scene,
In mind humble mind possess,
Contented and serene.
Thy spirit raise to that pure fount,
Whence endless comfort flows,
O shalt thou scorn this cruel world,
And calmly bear its woes!

God, Thou'rt the source and end of all—
Bid, and throughout the world
The mightiest empires rise,
Or sink, to ruin hurled.
To Thee no sparrow dies unknown,
Thou canst all creation view.
In war by Thee the warrior dies,
Or passes safely through!

At thy command, o'er sea and land,
The wanderer still must roam,
And 'tis Thee alone who canst restore
Him to his friends and home!
And, oh! when I my journey back,
Or fall in battle tide,
Through all her life, through all her days,
Oh, God! guard Thou my bride!

THE FARMER.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

GRASS AND FORAGE PLANTS.

NUMBER TWO.

VETCHES.

The summer and winter vetches of England have on trial grown very well in the State of Georgia, but did not yield as much vegetable matter or seed as the late sorts of the Southern field peas do. The vetches are also only *annual* plants, and so must be sown afresh every year—a circumstance that greatly diminishes their value. A. S L, of Breedville, Van Buren county, Michigan, who has grown the vetch carefully in that State, tells us, in the "Agricultural Department" of your valuable paper for 1859 and 1860, that both the winter and the summer vetch seeds are sown just as we sow winter and spring wheat—that the sown seeds are liable to be destroyed by bugs, which destruction, however, may be prevented by soaking the seed for a very short time in salt and water, and coating them over with dry wood ashes until dry enough for sowing—that the vetch will grow in any soil, but grows most luxuriantly in rich soils—that if the winter vetch is sown early in October, and the summer vetch at three different times, to wit: in April, May and June, the farmer will have a regular supply of green pasturage or hay for his cattle during the entire spring and summer, as it may be mown for fodder three times in the same season, to wit, in April, May and June, while the October crop will, if cut and housed, make a very nutritious and wholesome winter food for cattle, as all animals are fond of it and thrive on it, and, being less laxative in its nature than all other green food, it will do very well for all hard-working and stage and other fast travelling horses—that the vetch will yield two crops, like clover, and about twenty bushels of seed—somewhere between a pea and a bean—to the acre. And he recommends that the winter vetch be sown at the rate of two bushels of seed to the acre, mixed with one peck of rye, and that the first crop be cut when two feet high, and the second crop allowed to go to seed and ripen. (See Dollar Newspaper of 1859 and 1860, and U. S. Ag. Rep., 1860, p. 230.)

DANDELION.

The Dandelion never grows in sufficient abundance to cover the entire ground, but it is often found intermixed, on rich grounds, with our Northern meadow and pasture grasses. It is a very nutritious plant and contains in its juices a fine coloring principle that causes milch cows fed on it in June to produce a milk and butter unequalled for their richness of flavor and yellowness of color. It would be advisable, therefore, for us to collect and scatter its seeds over our pasture grounds. (See U. S. Ag. Rep. 1851, p. 169, &c.)

BUNCH, OR PONY GRASS.

This grass is one of the best winter grasses in our Western States—one of our native grasses. It grows in close, thick, elevated tufts and continues green all winter, and affords a fine pasturage for animals, who readily find it under the snow from the little hillocks which the falling snow forms over its isolated bunches. It produces two crops a year both on high and low ground. John C. Fremont says he has seen good pasture of the buffalo and bunch grasses at an elevation of seven thousand feet above the level of the plains. (See Ag. Rep. 1853, p. 399, &c.) How would this do if cultivated upon our farms alone or mixed up with other grass seeds? Who can tell?

SWAMP GRASS.

This grass grows in low, wet and miry swamps, on hossocks elevated above the water, and its edges grows so sharp that they will cut the fingers of a person when drawn rapidly through them. It is of the brightest green color and retains its color through the frosts of winter, when the cattle are driven upon it, in the great valley of the Mississippi where it abounds, to feed on it. It seems to be the same grass which grows in the boggy meadows of our Middle and New England States.

SWEET SCENTED VERNAL GRASS.

This grass is a native of England, where it grows best on rich sand loams or soils, and from whence it, at an early period of our colonial history, was introduced into America. This grass is pretty abundant in the old meadows around your own city, (Philadelphia), as it springs up there naturally or of itself from self-seeding early in the spring. And as it possesses a sweet-scented and vanilla-like fragrance—owing to its containing an aromatic essential oil of which benzoic acid, or flowers of benzoin is the base, it imparts to the milk of milch cows that pasture on it, that sweet and delicious flavor possessed by Philadelphia butter in the months of April and of May. Dr. G. Emerson, of Philadelphia, has established this fact by a series of well conducted experiments. And hence he has well said: "I consider the sweet-scented vernal grass worthy the attention of all farmers desirous of possessing the means of obtaining butter, and other dairy products in the highest perfection, and of having in their fields and meadows one of the earliest, if not the very earliest pasture grass known. (See U. S. Ag. Rep. 1849, p. 373-5.)

Now let some other correspondent contribute such information as they may have in regard to *other* valuable grasses and fodder plants, and your rural readers will, in one year's time, derive far more benefit from it than your paper costs them. A PENNSYLVANIAN.

Milton, Pa., 1863.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

BLOATED CATTLE.

Cattle from different causes become bloated. The most common cause is their being turned into green clover pasture. Especially is this apt to be the cause when the clover is wet, as in the morning when the dew is on, or after a shower. Their getting into a turnip patch will also often cause it; but whatever may be the cause, when an animal is thus affected, there is not apt to be any doubt as to what the ailment is. A safe and sure remedy is, however, not as generally known, and many a poor beast suffers the full penalty of gratifying its voracious appetite upon its master's forbidden fruit, who the latter freely grants it full pardon, and would gladly avail himself of the means of giving relief, had he only the necessary knowledge to permit him to do so. We have had some experience in this matter, and have heard others, on whom we could rely, relate their success with the disease. And if every reader of the "Dollar Newspaper" will bear it in mind, we will tell them how to cure a case of the kind without ever failing. If you discover it in time, give the animal from two to four slices of fat, salt pork, the fatter the better. Insert the pork in the mouth a slice at a time, and it will be readily swallowed without any artificial aid. In every case, where I have ever known or heard of its being used, this remedy has produced a cure in a few moments. It may safely be relied upon in all cases where the animal is not too far gone to administer it, in which case there is another remedy, just as simple and perfectly safe and sure, but a little more severe. It is well known to all who have dressed beeves or a beef, that the intestine commonly known as the paunch is united to the left side of the animal in front and below the hip bone. The disease consists in the generation of gas in the paunch, and by inserting a knife at this point, the gas is allowed to escape, and affords immediate relief, without any danger whatever to the life or well-being of the "patient," farther than a little sore, which soon heals up, like any ordinary flesh cut. A convenient way to find the point for inserting the knife is, on a common-sized animal, to place the thumb of the left hand on the animal's hip bone, and describe a part of a circle with the fore finger toward the head. When the finger comes in a line with the hip bone and breast, or a little closer to the hip bone, if close ribbed, you have found the place to make the incision. Try the measurement on a well animal and you will get the location of the proper point, so as to be always in readiness. In this disease, when the animal falls, death immediately ensues. As long as it is on its feet, even the moment before it falls, this remedy is a sure cure. E. W.

[Written for the Dollar Newspapea—Philada.]

LATE FALL WORK.

The crops being now all gathered, I hear some farmers say that they have nothing to do. I say, farmers, that is a mistake; for men deserving to be called farmers are very busy during this favorable weather. There are many little jobs want doing before the cold weather sets in. First rise early, say 5 o'clock, and have all hands out. See that your teams are ready to start as soon as you can see to do the work you are about to do. The best paying job, if you have not already done it, is to make a large heap of compost. Cart all the muck from the streams, low-grounds and woodlands, that you can conveniently secure, which, mix with lime, ashes, short manure from the barnyard, and with earth from around the buildings, sonpsuds, and, in fact, every thing that will act as a fertilizer, either by itself, or mixed with other substances. Do not let any manure waste by the winter and spring rains.

Next turn your attention to your barn and cattle sheds. See that your barn is well closed and warm and, if it does not front to the sun, turn your cattle sheds so as to break the cold North winds, and admit as much sunshine as possible. Sunshine in the cow-yard in a cold winter's day, I consider excellent fodder, but it is sadly neglected in many instances, and cattle plainly show it in the spring. Some may say that lumber is so high that they cannot afford to build sheds. That is all true enough; make as few debts as possible at the present prices. A good substitute for a shed, and a very good one is, if your yard is walled on the side that you wish to put your sheds, to plant several large crotches or forks along the side of the yard, say, sixteen feet from the wall, in these forks lay a good strong pole, then lay some poles across with one end on the pole and the other on the wall, then, upon this stack your cornfodder, that you wish to feed to the cattle in the yard, buckwheat straw, weeds and rough hay that you have secured through the summer and fall to be thrown into the yard for manure during winter; and, my word for it, you will never regret that you put up that shed.

Next, turn your steps towards the house. See that the earth is well banked up against the wall, so that the water that runs from the eaves or spouts does not sink down into the foundation and into the cellar. See that your cellar drain is open, and that no water may remain in the cellar to injure the health of your family or spoil your root crops stored there. Then, if the weather will admit, and you have a piece of wet land that you intend to put in with corn in the spring, lose no time in draining out all the wet places. Every good and cheap drain, and one that is soon made, is to make the ditch about fourteen inches wide and eighteen inches deep, or as much deeper as you choose, and squaring out the bottom as evenly as possible, then, in the center of the bottom, cut out a V shaped channel, and clean out clean from all obstructions, then lay in a good white-oak slab with the sawed side down, and your drain is ready for filling up.

This being done, direct your course towards the wood-house, that great temple of rural felicity, and see that there is plenty of good dry wood on hand for the winter; have it cut ready for the fire and piled up. Never allow any green wood to be used in the house; it produces ill temper, angry looks, and much unhappiness to the delay of business, both in and out of doors.

After this time you will find plenty of work in taking proper care of your stock, threshing out your crops and getting them to market, repairing your farming implements, and having all things in readiness for work in the spring. It is a bad plan to commence work in the spring with your farming implements out of order, and instead of putting in your crops in proper time and condition, to have to be spending your time at the different mechanical shops, having your implements repaired, and by the time you are ready to work to find other farmers are done and their crops growing, while you are putting yours in the ground. S.

Warwick, Pa., Nov., 1863.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

FARM HELP.

What are we to do for help upon our farms another year? This will soon be a serious question with a large majority of farmers, and one that must be met. The war has already made such inroads upon our able hands, and others upon the farm, that it is even now a difficult matter to get in our crops and attend to the requirements that will always meet the go-ahead farmer, even in the cooler months of the year. If these difficulties exist now, what will be the prospect next spring, when the work that cannot be put off is upon us? During the next two months "*three hundred thousand*" more of our working classes will be called from their duties to take their part in the war, and as our farms will, no doubt, suffer as heavy a depletion, in proportion, as any other branch of labor, it becomes the farmer everywhere to take earnest and speedy measures to make all as snug as possible with regard to his next year's operations, and not be caught on the first of March with no help on the farm, except, perhaps those too habitually drunk to be even drafted, or some green horn who does not know a plow from a wheelbarrow. Where the owner himself works on the farm, a large amount of labor can be obtained with the aid of one or two good and faithful assistants, and these, if possible, should be secured at the earliest practicable moment—even if you have to board them during a portion of the winter at a dead loss to yourself. Too much importance cannot be attached to this subject, as the loss of a whole season's operations may be hazarded by the procrastination principle that so many are apt to indulge in. If farmers will study their own interests, then they will have a bright and early look out for the help they require, and not wait until all chance of obtaining competent assistants has passed away. F. A. A.

Rye, 1864.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRIES.

WESTERN LANDS.—I wish to make some inquiries about the lands of Central Wisconsin. Will some one living in that State, give, through the columns of the "Dollar Newspaper," the price of improved and unimproved land along the Milwaukee and La Crosse Railroad, within, say, twenty miles of that road? Can sixty acres of prairie and twenty of timber (unimproved) be had in one piece, and at what price for the whole? Is there any good Government lands there—and what the price per acre? Will some of your correspondents please give the desired information, and oblige a READER?

QUINCE PLANTING—*New London, Conn.*—I would like to inqure through the medium of the "Dollar Newspaper," of some of its correspondents, the best time to plant quince seeds, spring or fall? The best soil for the same—profit per acre, &c., and, in short, everything pertaining to the raising of that valuable fruit?

H. J. S.

CORN SOILING.

The editor of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican has been experimenting with Southern corn for soiling purposes. He says: "About the middle of May last we planted the seed in rich heavy loam. By the middle of June it had grown nearly five feet in height. We cut some of it close to the ground, and some of it twelve to eighteen inches high, in order to test its ability to produce a second crop from one sowing. We find that that cut close to the ground does not start, while that cut higher grows at the rate of about three inches a day. The younger the corn the lower it will do to cut it. We anticipate cutting repeated crops, of course each time higher up, until frost comes."

REJECTED VARIETIES OF GRAPES.

A correspondent of the Prairie Farmer recently visited the vineyard of Capt. Moore, a retired seaman, who devotes his entire attention to the cultivation of the grape. He has four acres planted with vines in the town of Vernon, Ill., where he has experimented largely in the different varieties of this fruit. Among the two hundred varieties or more, which Capt. Moore had fruited during the past fifteen years, there were some seventy which he had not already fully condemned and rejected, and of many of these seventy he spoke disparagingly; and his present list of those worthy of further trial will soon be much farther reduced.

SHEEP.

The London Mark Lane Express thinks that greater attention should be paid to Sheep by the farmers of the United States. We agree with our contemporary most fully. The following remarks are from its issue of Oct. 26:

"The consumption of mutton in North America has rapidly increased. The supply now as rarely exceeds the demand as with any other meat, and the best qualities outsell beef in the principal markets No country is better adapted by natural, and, on the whole, by artificial conditions, to the production of wool, than the United States. Australia and South America contain the only very extensive regions of the earth now capable of competing with equal areas of North America in the production of this great staple. The price of land in Australia is much higher than in the United States; its distance from the wool market of Europe equals nearly half the circumference of the globe; yet its exports of wool rose, between 1810 and 1857, from 167 pounds to 68,000,000 pounds! South America is also becoming an extensive producer of this staple; there were imported into Great Britain alone, in 1861, 6,000,-000 pounds. Yet South America has no natural conditions of superiority over North America for sheep farming, while there are political and moral ones which undeniably are hostile to the security and permanence of so exposed a branch of industry. Apart from the mere question of the cheap production of wool, the experience of the most advanced agricultural nations, like England, Germany and France, goes to show that sheep are a necessity of a good general system of husbandry, on even the highest-priced lands, and amidst the densest population. They afford as much food to man, in proportion to their own consumption, as any other domestic animals. They are believed to return more fertilizing matter to the soil. In addition, they alone furnish wool. England is estimated to have about 500 sheep to one square mile, while the United States proper (exclusive of Territories) has only 48."

ROOT CELLARS ABOVE GROUND

Root cellars may be easily made above ground, that will afford sufficient protection to roots through winter, the requisites being thick non-conducting walls and roof. These walls may be made of different materials, according to circumstances. When lumber is abundant, posts may be set, inclosing the space desired for the roots, and another parallel row to form a double wall. If straw or forest leaves are used for filling in, the space should be two feet; if sawdust or chaff is used, one foot will do. Board up these posts, and ram in dry straw (if chopped it will be best), dry forest leaves, &c. A sloping or double roof may be made on rafters with boards, and second rafters placed a foot and a half or two feet above. Then fill in between them with straw or leaves. If chaff is used, the space need not be so great as for straw; and if the leaves are dry and smoothly placed, a foot thickness will do, as they form layers or strata, with thin enclosed plates of air, and are very good non-conductors of heat or cold. Then cover the whole with a board roof, to throw off the water, and the building is complete. A door, made double and similarly stuffed, admits the roots. When lumber is scarce, build a double log structure, and fill in the space as before; or, if the stuffing should be scarce, build a single wall, and bank up heavily with turf or earth. The roof may be made of poles instead of boards, laid closely enough to hold the leaves or straw; but the water soaking in will soon rot it, and it must be renewed. The bottom should be made of poles, a foot from the ground, so as to admit ventilation from below; to keep the roots dry, allow air to circulate among them, and to allow the soil from them to fall through. There are many modifications that might be made, but the main essentials are to be preserved, viz:—to allow the warmth to pass up from the earth below, and to shut out cold from the sides, but more especially from the roof.

FLAVORING TOBACCO.

After tobacco is perfectly cured, it is prepared for pressing. It is now a common practice to flavor it with some mixture of a sweet and aromatic character. A common preparation is that of the tonqua bean, which has a pleasant odor. Vanilla is also used, and different manufacturers have their special mixtures. The leaves are spread out and slightly sprinkled with the aromatic liquid until a sufficient quantity is absorbed to render them pliable. They are then rolled into cylindrical packages, and these are squeezed into flat plugs in powerful presses. A number of such plugs are placed together, and subjected to a second pressing operation, by which the plugs are converted into square blocks, and thus fitted for transport and market. It was formerly the custom to place the pressed tobacco in a room called the sweat house, where it remained for a considerable period exposed to a warm atmosphere. This made the tobacco sweat; globules of juice appeared on its surface and dropped on the floor, and its taste was much improved thereby. It is also common with some tobacco manufacturers to sweeten the dark and rank qualities for chewing by dipping the leaves in bunches into sugar syrup before pressing them. We have only referred to the treatment of chewing tobacco, the superior qualities being used for this purpose. The terms "honey-dew," "sweet-leaf," &c., applied to different lots of tobacco, are of the usual trade order. The best qualities of tobacco are said to be cultivated on new soil, on the southern sides of gently sloping hills.

NAILS IN FRUIT TREES.

A gentleman stated to us that while on a visit to a neighbor, his attention was called to a large peach orchard, every tree of which was totally destroyed by the ravages of the worm, with the exception of three, and these were the most thrifty and flourishing peach trees he ever saw. The only cause of their superiority known to his host was an experiment made in consequence of observing that those parts of worm-eaten timber into which nails had been driven were generally sound. When his trees were about a year old he drove a tenpenny nail through the body, as near the ground as possible. While the balance of his orchard had failed, and finally yielded to the ravages of the worms, three of these trees, selected at random, treated in this manner, had always been healthy, furnishing him with the greatest profusion of the most luscious fruit.

It is supposed the salt of iron afforded by the nails is offensive to the worms, while it is harmless, perhaps even beneficial, to the tree. A chemical writer on the subject says:

"The oxydation of the rusting of the iron by the sap evolves ammonia, which, as the sap arises, will of course impregnate every particle of foliage, and prove too severe a dose for the delicate palate of insects."

The writer recommends driving half a dozen nails into the trunk. Several experiments of the kind resulted successfully.

WHY HOGS EAT ASHES, ETC.

Mr. Mechi, of Tip-Tree Hall, England, has discovered that pigs, when shut up to fatten, are very fond of cinders, and improve in condition by eating a certain portion of them every day. Some persons are unable to account for this singular propensity in swine. Poultry are very fond of egg shells, lime, sand, &c., and it is well known these substances are necessary in order to form the shells of eggs, and to furnish material for the bones of fowls.

Now, it is reasonable to suppose that swine eat ashes and cinders for the purpose of supplying the material for their bones, and this singular instinct in animals so low in the scale of intelligence, is truly wonderful, for ashes contain the ingredients which are necessary to form bones, viz., carbonate and sulphate of lime, and magnesia, clay, silica gelatinized and made soluble by the fire.

When hogs are at large, they take in clay and silica with their food, and eat bones and roots which contain the necessary ingredients; but when they are pent up they endeavor to supply the material necessary for keeping up their frames by devouring ashes and cinders. Let them have plenty of them.

HEAVY CHEESES.

Turning heavy cheeses has always been a heavy tax upon the strength of most dairy women. A device for accomplishing this work in a safe and easy manner, is in operation in the cheese factory of Mr. Cox, Mesopotamia. In his curing room, Mr. Cox uses, as supports for his cheese, two stringers of scantling, some ten inches apart; on these scantling stand the cheese, each upon the inverted cover of a cheese of a size a trifle larger than the size of the cheese. When the attendant goes to turn the cheese, she takes another cover of the same size, puts it on the top of the cheese to be turned, then, with one hand on top of this cover, and the other hand at the bottom cover, flops the cheese over, with only the strength of a child, when the cheese is tilted up a little to one side, the opposite side balances down between the two scantlings, and the cheese goes over easily. Another and greater advantage of this method of turning cheese, is that there is no danger of bruising or breaking the corners in turning, as they are perfectly protected by the rim of the cover. This mode of handling, is equally applicable to cheese on shelves, but in that case you do not have the advantage of self-balancing, the same as on stringers.

A CORRESPONDENT of the American Agriculturist, says: "I have used sweet potato vines for cattle, for the past five seasons with admirable success. If care is taken to rid the vines of the dirt which generally adheres to them when pulled, cattle will eat them as readily as they will the best of pasture. In fact I have seen cattle, when vines were thrown into their field, leave first rate pasture, and come bellowing for a feast. I do not hesitate to say that sweet potato vine can be used to great advantage for both hogs and cattle."

VIA SOLITARIA.

Alone I walk the peopled city
Where each seems happy with his own:
O friends I ask not for your pity—
I walk alone.

No more for me yon lake rejoices.
Though wooed by loving airs of June;
O birds, your sweet and piping voices
Are out of tune.

In vain for me the elm tree arches
Its plumes in many a feathery spray;
In gain the evening's starry marches,
And sunlit day.

In vain your beauty, summer flowers;
Ye cannot greet these cordial eyes,
They haze on other fields than ours—
On other skies.

The gold is rifled from the coffer,
The blade is stolen from the sheath;
Life has but one more boon to offer,
And that is—Death.

Yet well I know the voice of Duty,
And therefore life and health must crave,
Though she who gave the world its beauty
Is in her grave.

I live, O lost one for the living
Who drew their earliest life from thee,
And wait, until with glad thanksgiving,
I shall be free.

For life to me is as a station
Wherein, apart, a traveller stands—
One absent long from home and nation,
In other lands—

And I as he who stands and listens,
Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,
To hear, approaching in the distance,
The train for home.

For death shall bring another mating—
Beyond the shadows of the tomb,
In yonder sphere a bride is waiting
Until I come.

In yonder fields are children playing,
And there—oh, vision of delight!—
I see a child and mother straying
In robes of white.

Thou, then, the longing heart that breakest,
Stealing the treasures one by one,
I'll call thee blessed when thou makest
The parted—one.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NEWS AND NOTINGS.

☞ A letter from Rome makes the following singular statement:—"Everybody knows that the superb crown of the Emperor Napoleon has long been completed, and that there is another made for the Empress Eugenie—both being masterpieces of the goldsmith's art. The affair of the coronation of the Emperor and Empress again occupies the thoughts of the Courts of Paris and Rome, and it is principally the Empress who desires that her diadem may be sanctified by the Holy Father; but the latter, beset by the champions of the Due de Bordeaux, has not yet been able to overcome his scruples. To obtain this object, the Pope has just been offered the restitution of his two Provinces—namely, the Legations—if he will decide on going to Paris to crown the imperial couple. This point is much discussed at the Vatican.

☞ Three rats made an attack on an English lad, about 15 years of age, who was sitting in on old barn eating bread and beef. The first onslaught was made by a huge rat, that ran up his back, and attempted to seize the food which he was putting in his mouth. He seized it by the throat, but before he had strangled it two others commenced a determined attack upon him. They bit his face in two places, and attempted to bite through the clothing which protected his shoulder. A man happened to visit the building, while the contest was going on, and it was with great difficulty that the rats were made to retreat.

☞ We speak with all the heartfelt sincerity of a nightly sufferer, ladies, when we say that we hope that the following is as true as the purveyor it holds out is delightful. "The style of ladies' bonnets, familiarly known as sky-scraper' are going out of vogue. They are not overcomely (generally off the head, especially in a breeze) though highly ambitious, and at the opera, the th atre, concerts and lectures they put unfortunate gentlemen almost out of sight and out of chance of seeing."

☞ Among the women of England there were in 1861, 10 bankers, 7 money lenders, 274 commercial clerks, 25 commercial travellers, 51 brokers, 38 merchants, 29 farriers, 119 printers, 3 shepherds, 43,964 out-door agricultural laborers, 13 ladies were doctors, 2 were bonesetters, 6 were reporters or short-hand writers, 3 parish clerks, 4 choristers, 4 teachers of elocution, 17 dentists, 2 knackers, 4 conjurers, 1 astronomer, 8 "naturalists."

☞ Five school boys got into a freight car, standing on a track in Cambridge, Mass., to play. The conductor came along, and not knowing that they were there, closed the doors, and attached the car to the train. They reached Rouse's Point before they could make themselves heard, and then were almost starved. They reached home after an absence of a week.

☞ A ship belonging to a gentleman, named Heaven, sailed from the port of Greenock recently for Canada, with a cargo of coals. Shortly before she left it was ascertained that the owner had not sent down sufficient lading for the vessel, and the agent startled his clerk by the order, "Telegraph to Heaven for more coals!"

☞ The Register of the Navy of the United States, for 1864, will contain a list of about six hundred vessels, over two hundred of which have been built by the regular naval constructors of the Government, and, of course, can compare favorably with the best navy-built ships in the world.

☞ The Washington correspondent of the New York Times says that the numerous disqualifications for military service, framed previous to the late draft, have been greatly reduced, and that youths who wear spectacles will be interested in knowing that near-sightedness will not exempt them from draft.

☞ A miniature steam-engine, the boilers and machinery of which only occupy a space of six feet by four feet, has been fitted to the launch of an English line-of-battle ship, impelled with twin screws. It is anticipated that this small apparatus will effect a speed of six or seven knots an hour.

☞ So ignorant are some of the English peasantry that they took the recent earthquake for a sign that the world was coming to an end, and immediately packed up to emigrate to America, in order to avoid the impending calamity.

☞ It is said that Hon. James Guthrie, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, will be elected U. S. Senator from Kentucky, to succeed L. W. Powell, the present incumbent. The election occurs this winter.

☞ Lucien Anderson, a Congressman from Kentucky, who was captured by guerrillas a short time ago, is exchanged for Trusten Polk, a Confederate Congressman, who was cooling himself on Johnson's Island.

☞ A lady with an immense crinoline knocked over an unfortunate gentleman, in London, by a single sweep of her skirts. His head struck the curbstone, and the shock was so severe that he died in a short time.

☞ When they do start a new hobby in Boston, they run it vigorously without stint. Last night, the Rev. Mr. Hepworth preached a sermon, at one of the Unitarian churches there, on "The Great Organ as a Type of Life!"

Professor Putnam, of Dartmouth College, on his return from Europe, died on board the steamship Alpha on the passage from Halifax to Boston, of consumption. His wife was with him.

☞ There are fifteen hundred workmen employed at the Watertown Arsenal, large numbers being engaged in mounting cannon for fort and field service.

☞ At Adrien, Michigan, a barrel of sorghum syrup was stored away some five years ago; it was recently opened, and the contents were found to be dry sugar.

An "Irish gintleman,"—perhaps a King,—has been discovered by some laborers at Dromeliby, Ireland. His stone coffin was nine feet long.

☞ The vilest despotism on the face of the earth, says the Court Journal, with the exception of the Northern States of America, is that of Russia.

☞ Blondin has descended from the tight-rope and walks over no more abysses. He has gone into trade; formed a copartnership with a wine merchant in France.

☞ Never were so many diamonds imported as during the present war. A single stone worth $15,000 has just paid duty in New York.

☞ The pirates in the jail in Portland have lately been paid their monthly wages in gold by the Southern Confederacy.

☞ The Hartford Courant understands that $12,000 has been offered for the celebrated trotting horse Prince, and declined.

☞ Brigham Young has just led another bride to the halter. Brigham urges his people to receive kindly *sisters* from abroad.

☞ The Gloucester folks held a meeting to aid in recruiting sailors for the Niagara. A bounty of $150 was suggested.

☞ A Vermont clergyman is in jail for flogging his naughtily-behaved wife. He claimed the right as patriarch and priest of his family.

☞ Nearly all the ballet girls and *figurantes* employed at the Paris theatres are now English girls.

☞ Queen Victoria has sent five dollars to a drummer boy who celebrated, in a very pretty set of verses, her return from Germany.

☞ Hadley is building no end of tobacco barns. The year's crop has been sold at 20 to 25 cents.

☞ "Washington is safe," repeats the telegraph; and so is Richmond! ejaculates Prentice.

☞ Artemus Ward, Esq., showman, "spoke a piece" to a $2 30 house, in San Francisco. A good commencement!

☞ Keats apostrophized a Grecian urn; Burns, a daisy, Holmes, a steamboat; Barlow, hasty pudding; Sterne, an ass, &c.

JOHN MINOR BOTTS.

Letter to the Richmond Examiner, dated October 18th, has been received from the correspondent of the Associated Press with the Army of the Potomac. Mr. Botts denies the charge that in an interview with an Indiana Major he proclaimed himself a Union man without any ifs or buts. He had no such interview, and used no such language. He denies having said that he wished the Federal Generals knew half that he knew of the rebels and their resources and intentions. He is not in the confidence of the Government or the commanders of its forces and, therefore, of their intentions, and is profoundly ignorant of their resources.

In reply to the charge of the Examiner, that he abhorred the Government, but loved its money, he says: "Whatever I may think of the government, yet, I never felt myself entirely at liberty in this land of freedom, to say half as much against its administration as I have read in your own editorial columns, but if I have never made professions of devotion for the government I have never ceased to feel a warm interest in the welfare of the people of Virginia with whose property and freedom my own are entirely identified, and I will take occasion to say here what I said to General Meade, and have said to all, that my earnest prayer is that the revolution may result in whatever may contribute most to the permanent peace, happiness, prosperity and freedom of the people of Virginia. These are the blessings of a good government. This is what I suppose is desired and aimed at by all, unless the selfish politicians and the corrupt speculators, in and out of the army, may constitute an exception. They care not what sort of a government they live under, provided they fill the high places and have their pockets well lined. We may differ, possibly, and perhaps honestly, as to the best means of attaining these desirable ends. If it is by the success of the revolution, then I pray God that the revolution may succeed; but if by a restoration of the Union, then I hope the Union may be restored. What I want is a government that has the will and power to protect my person and my property against all abuses; and that I would prefer living as I did before the war to living as I have done since the war, is beyond all question, and I would be a madman or a fool if I did not, and a knave and a hypocrite if I were to pre'end otherwise.

Mr. Botts denies having done anything to which the Confederate Government can complain, unless it be that he has not become Democratized, and made no concessions to Democracy. On the other hand he complains first, "that the power of the Legislative branch of the Government has been espe ially directed against him. Second, that the power of the Executive branch of the Government has been execrated against him when under this detestable, unwritten and unknown code, called Martial Law upon no charge preferred which they dared to present before the Court of Inquiry; they had him arrested in his bed and hurried to a filthy county jail, where he was kept in solitary confinement for eight weeks, when, with all the vigilance use and research of their numerous detectives, they could find nothing upon which to hinge a charge, however trivial, without any charge, whilst the army itself has been turned loose upon him, to destroy his property by design and by the orders of officers in high command, and, but for a guard from the head-quarters of General Lee, none can tell to what condition he would have been reduced."

Mr. Botts says: "Have I then, Mr. Editor, had much attachment or devotion to a government by which I have been thus treated. You complain of the treatment Mr. Vallandigham has received at the hands of his government. He made many violent speeches in which he took active and strong ground against his government, and for this he was sent amongst his friends, as they supposed. But I have done nothing, and for no part, but maintained firmly and consistently, as I shall continue to do, my own private opinions, and the conviction of my best judgment, which has not been controlled by any consideration of selfiness, ambition or fear."

I want no better vindication for having withheld my approval of this war than is to be found in the fact that there is not one of those who aided in bringing it on that would do it, if, with their present experience, it had to be gone over again, or if the could have foreseen what has followed—all of which I did foresee and foretell.

Mr. Botts denies that Gen. Meade took dinner at his table, yet makes known that he invited him to do so and regrets that his constant engagements prevented his acceptance and would be return to the vicinity the offence would be repeated. The truth is he has entertained freely and hospitably the officers and gentlemen of both armies, whose acquaintance he has enjoyed and shall continue to do so, so long as he is master of his own lands.

Hitherto I have been silent, says Mr. Botts, as to the wrongs, injuries and indignities that have been heaped upon me, but I am not a spaniel to lie down and crouch at the bidding of any master, nor to lick the hand that scourges me, and if I am thus to be selected as a particular object of prosecution, and can find no protection from the law, then I will protect myself. This I cannot do against the government or against the army, but I can and will do it when the law, military and civil, both fail me, against any one man that the confederacy can boast.

I cannot be induced to swerve one hair's breadth from the line of conduct that my own judgment and conscience may dictate, which is to take no lot, part, or share in the responsibility that rests upon those who have brought this military act of desolation and ruin upon my unfortunate country. But if to adhere firmly and consistently to the opinions and principles that I have maintained for thirty years, and if to prefer living as I did before the war, to living as I have done since the war, makes me a traitor; then a traitor's life let me live, or a traitor's death let me die.

A BIT OF ROMANCE.

[From the Concord (N. H.) Statesman.]

Some people yet remain at the North End who remember a family in low pecuniary circumstances, by the name of Phalen—more often called Whalen—who dwelt in an ancient, dilapidated, one-story house, standing in the rear of Main street, a few rods southeast of Miss Merrill's school. The father, so near as our information goes was a mason by trade, and a native of Ireland. Of how many in the family consisted, or how long they dwelt here, we cannot say; but there was a son named James, of whom only remembrance is that he associated with other youths of corresponding age in that part of the town, and was as decent in deportment as they. How decent that was is not for us to declare.

The family moved hence to Boston about forty-seven years ago, and doubtless passed out of the minds of those who knew them here. Here we have at distant intervals heard of the son, and he was making head in the world. Amongst his early labors at Boston was blowing the organ of the then only Catholic church in that city. Afterwards he performed boy's work at the Federal street theatre, then he became coor-keeper, and next ticket-seller at that famous establishment. During the time the Bunker Hill Monument was going up he gave $10 in aid of the undertaking, and in a letter to those having charge of it stated that he was a native of Charlestown. A certain generous spirit led him to New York, where his progress was onward and upward.

In due time he engaged in the business of a wholesale hardware merchant, and, as in preceding undertakings, the work of his hands was successful. He became conspicuous in public undertakings, and was one of the founders of the Academy of Music. In private enterprises he ran ahead of multitudes who began life under circumstances to which his was a stranger. A summer mansion which he owned at Newport was sold a few years ago for $40,000. To sum up all, he has become possessed of a great estate. He keeps up a palatial establishment in Paris, and entertainments rivalling in sumptuousness and splendor those of the most wealthy people in that gay metropolis. Verily, truth is sometimes as strange as fiction.

A SAD COMMENT ON FAST LIVING.

[From the Boston Traveller, Nov. 21]

An old man, who has been living in the most abject poverty for several years, was found between Worcester county and Berkshire, Massachusetts and Connecticut, as he was shifted by selectmen who wished to clear their towns of paupers, has at last found a refuge, but perhaps only a temporary one, in the State Almshouse at Monson. Forty years ago this same man did a heavy grain and shipping business in Boston, was among the most influential and respected of the merchants of the metropolis. About the time of the completion of the Erie Canal he, with others, conceived a grand scheme of doing an immense foreign trade; and went to Europe, taking most of his wealth with him. Family affairs did not run smooth, and he gave up his grand project, went to London, led a gay life, was feasted by lords, became very intimate with the household of a noble earl, and was presented at court by the American Minister.

Afterwards he crossed to Paris, where some imbroglio obliged him to accept the challenge of a fighting marquis, who sent a ball through his right arm; but our man, being a dead shot, severely wounded his own second instead of the marquis, and he had to leave the city. Then he went to Munich, and made love to the niece of one of the royal families, was accepted, and had a splendid ball over his conquest, made a bad thing of it and left Munich with despatch. He continued in his extravagance, gambled away all his property, was a vagabond in England a few years, then in New York, and then throughout Western Massachusetts. His life is a sad, sadder comment on fast living than was ever written.

THE CHARGE ON THE REDOUBT.

The Washington Chronicle gives the following graphic account of the heroic charge of the 6th Maine and 5th Wisconsin reg